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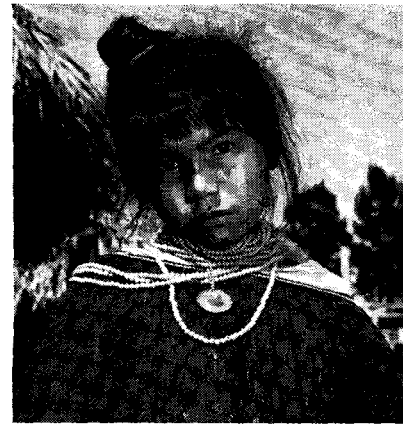
Asked her age, this woman looked up from her sewing machine, counted 90.

This young mother wears traditional Seminole beads, as do all the females.

The slingshot draped around this boy's neck will be used mostly for hunting.



An eight-year-old's costume is incomplete without a shiny piece of metal.

EVERGLADES ENEMY

NEVER COMPLETELY conquered, the Seminole Indians of Florida are still at war with the U. S. The conflict, however, is only a technical one, and there have been no hostilities for more than 100 years.

Some 600 Seminoles are settled in the Florida Everglades. Many have learned to speak English, but few white men have mastered the difficult Seminole tongue. Today, the tribe lives much as it did before the end of active warfare in 1842—a last touch of America's pioneer days.

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She's tempting in a penthouse and dangerous in a bordertown dive!

IRVING CUMMINGS JR. and IRWIN ALLEN present

ROBERT MITCHUM
FAITH DOMERGUE
CLAUDE RAINS

IN

Where Danger Lives

FAITH DOMERGUE
latest star discovery of HOWARD HUGHES
who brought you
★ JEAN HARLOW
and
★ JANE RUSSELL

A JOHN FARROW PRODUCTION
with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
CHARLES KEMPER

RKO RADIO

Produced by IRVING CUMMINGS Jr. • Associate Producer IRWIN ALLEN • Directed by JOHN FARROW • Screenplay by CHARLES BENNETT

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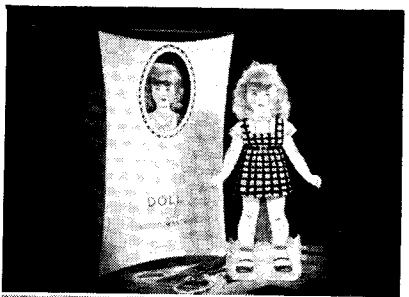
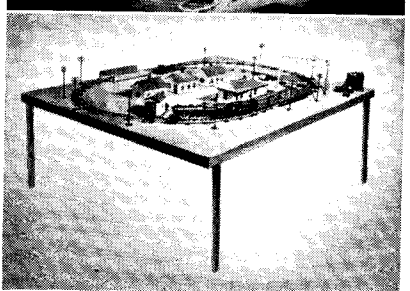
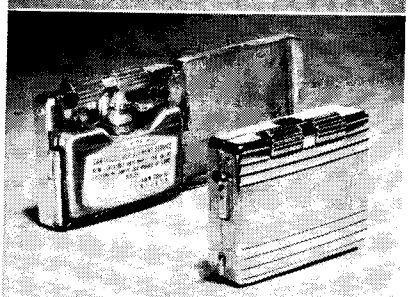
Coronet's Family Shopper



REAL HAIR, and parchment dresses for little girls to cut out, wash, and iron, make these paper dolls unique. They have blonde, brunette, or red hair, and a complete wardrobe, including a transparent raincoat. The dolls are sturdy and stand up easily. "Curly Top." $.89 for a single doll, $1.70 for a set of three. Rich's, Atlanta, Georgia.



JUNIOR OR FATHER can play with electric trains, minus the fuss of setting them up each time, if the tracks are permanently mounted on this grass-colored board. Fits under bed or in closet. "Store-A-Way." Model A with casters, $14.95*. Model AL with four folding legs, $19.95*. Mail Order Supply Co., 3511 Conner St., NYC 66.



HAVE A LIGHT—have 2,000 of them without replacing the cartridge of fuel in this revolutionary, lightweight lighter. No wick, no fluid, no odor, and it operates for four months. Flame is produced by Butane gas, used in many areas for cooking. "Strato-flame." Chrome finish, $7.50; black enamel, $10. Frost Bros., San Antonio, Texas.

FOR THE YOUNG photographer, here's a press kit including camera, flash equipment and batteries, film, and a portrait attachment. The necessities, plus a press badge, assignment book, and complete instructions come in a simulated leather over-the-shoulder case. $13. Willoughby's Camera Stores, 110 W. 32nd St., New York 1, N. Y.

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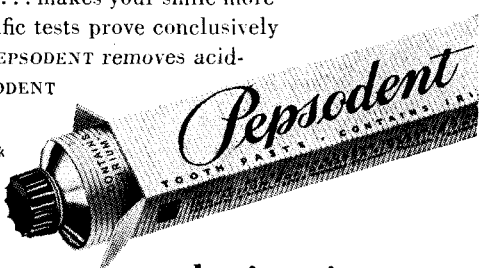
PEPSODENT

does *far more* than reduce tooth decay

Even a Single Brushing with Pepsodent not only reduces decay the surest way, but GETS YOUR TEETH FAR BRIGHTER than any other leading tooth paste

Yes, PEPSODENT's exclusive ***brighter-polishing*** agent—effective yet so gentle—gets your teeth ***brighter*** . . . makes your smile more beautiful. And authoritative scientific tests prove conclusively that even a ***single brushing*** with PEPSODENT removes acid-film that causes decay. Only PEPSODENT has this ***film-removing*** formula!

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.



For that Pepsodent Smile
—Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

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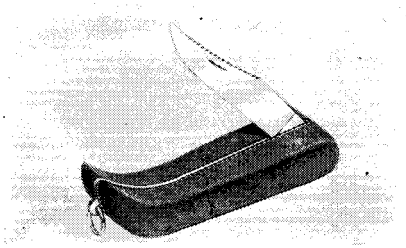
Coronet's Family Shopper

THIS WATER-REPELLENT rayon-gabardine jacket has a Milium lining, quilted to wool, plus a two-way zipper. The miracle fabric adds warmth without weight. Sizes 36-46, sage, navy, green. $27.50. "Milwind." Jacob Reed's Sons, 1424 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE MONOGRAM on this handmade silk tie is hand-painted in any color you choose on a navy, brown, red, grey, or maroon background. Underline the initial of the last name to make identification easy. $4.85. Irene Gorman, 6066 67th Avenue, Brooklyn 27, New York.



FISHING FOR A present for the angler who has everything? Give him this cork-handled, stainless-steel knife and scaler. It won't sink when dropped overboard, and has a ring for lanyard attachment. $5.50. Hoffritz for Cutlery, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

SMART LINES make this rayon-gabardine coat dress a must for campus or office. It buttons to the waist, then swings to the side for more buttons over the hip. Sizes 12-20, brown, beige, red, green. "Henry Rosenfeld." $12.95*. Marshall Field's, Chicago 90, Ill.

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1951 Zenith Television has the Amazing *Reflection-Proof* Blaxide Tube

IT'S ZENITH BLACK MAGIC! From any normal viewing position, you see pictures miraculously free of window and room light reflections — even in fully lighted rooms! It's a blessing—to eyes, to dispositions. Today — discover how much better TV can be, in *every* way, with a Zenith. Your dealer invites you.

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Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois

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Vol. 29, No. 1 November, 1950

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

Out of the Storm

by TED MALONE

PEOPLE OFTEN ASK ME: "Where do you find your stories?" Well, where do *you* find stories? Judging from experience, I would say we find them anywhere and everywhere. And this particular story I found by accident on a rainy night in a lonely little railroad depot, not far from Emporia, Kansas.

I went to Kansas to attend a meeting. After it was over, a friend drove me across country to catch a transcontinental train. It was a wild night, with sleet and rain. I was glad when we skidded alongside the junction's cinder platform. We had been talking about radio programs, and kept up the discussion as we reached the shadowy station.

The only shaft of light came through a rain-streaked window where a night telegraph operator sat over his key. We found the waiting-room door, and as the wind slapped it shut on our heels, my friend said: "For my money, you can leave out the poetry entirely, especially the romantic stuff. That may be all right for high-school kids, but it's not for grown-ups."

We stepped to the little window and asked the operator when the train would be along. He shoved his eyeshade back and said, "Train's late. About an hour." Then he returned to his clicking key.

My friend went back to his car and started toward the highway.

From *Ted Malone's Favorite Stories*. Copyright 1950 and published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 14 West 49th Street, New York 20, N.Y.

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As the headlights vanished, I looked around the small waiting room. In one corner was a big, potbellied heater; there was also an empty coal scuttle, a couple of signs advertising excursions to the Rockies, and a kerosene lamp.

I had just made up my mind to a dreary wait when I noticed back of the stove a round-faced, black-haired little woman with the bluest eyes imaginable. "I beg your pardon," she began. "Country folk don't stand on ceremony, but I heard what he said, and I do hope you won't believe a word of it."

She rushed on, her words tumbling out as though they had been pent up for years: "About the poetry—the romantic stuff, as he called it. Maybe *he* doesn't need it. But so many do, and I don't mean just young folks—sometimes older folks, too."

I built up the fire, and, to the accompaniment of the clicking telegraph key and rain sluicing down the windows, she told me her story.

"I was born in the Scottish highlands. We were happy, my three sisters and I, as long as Mother lived. During the summer she took us for long walks over the mountainsides. I can still close my eyes and see the fantastic rock formations, like weather-beaten castles, and the great oaks with ferns growing beneath.

"Mother died when I was 14. We lived on in that enchanted land. Our little hamlet wasn't far from Loch Katrine, and I used to dream that a Highland chieftain would carry me away someday."

"But he didn't?" I asked.

"Not as I had expected. When I was 17, Father got a letter from a neighbor who had come to Kansas eight years before. He wrote that he had a good farm and six head of livestock. He asked Father for my hand. His only message to me was, 'My dutiful respects to Anna.' Father decided to accept."

"But what did you think?"

She reflected for a moment before she replied. "I thought a trip across the ocean would be an adventure worthy of a Highlander; that's about all. I never wrote to John, and I could scarcely remember what he looked like. But it was exciting. My sisters envied me, and I had a new traveling outfit besides a wedding dress to take along.

"There was a family from Father's parish coming to America, and they brought me as far as Kansas City. I had to change trains there. They went on to California, and I was frightened and lonely.

"Then I noticed a boy sitting opposite me eating peanuts. He had friendly blue eyes, and when he reached out the sack and said, 'Have some,' I did. We started visiting, and he asked me where I was going. I told him. He told me that, in America, girls picked their own husbands. He told me I was a pretty girl and that I didn't need to marry John; that I could get a job here in America, and he would do just that if he were me."

"Did you take his advice?"

"No, I couldn't disobey Father. When my train came, I got aboard to go on and meet John."

"What did he say when he met you?"

"I'll never forget. I wondered what he would be like and what he'd say, and remembered all the pretty speeches I read in books.

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But he just said, solemnlike, 'How de do, lass.' Then he put my handbags in his wagon, and we drove straight to the minister.

"It was July. I put on my white wedding dress made of Scottish wool my sister had made for me. And I was so confused and miserable I didn't even take it off after the wedding. I rode the ten dusty miles to the farm in John's wagon under a blazing sun.

"I'm afraid I cried most of the way. I was lonesome and frightened, but John didn't try to comfort me. Now, after all these years, I know he couldn't. He had always been a silent man. When we came near the farm, his dog met us, overjoyed that John was back. It was then John spoke: 'Guess he knows this is a special day.' That's the only courting I ever had.

"That was 20 years ago. We have three fine children, two boys and a girl. John's been a good provider, willing to sit up all night if one of the children's sick, just as he'll go to the barn and stay up all night with a sick calf. But the first years were hard to bear.

"Sometimes I'd get so homesick I'd slip away to the wheat fields and try to imagine they were purple with heather, and I'd look at the tall cottonwoods and see them as great oaks with ferns growing beneath. On rainy days, I'd read from the one big book I'd brought over with me—Highland love songs, romantic poetry.

"Then one evening just before harvest, I stood at the edge of our fields. The sun was setting, windswept shadows danced over the golden grain, and it became Loch Katrine with a Scottish sunset dancing on its water. At that instant I gave my heart to the prairie. I was no longer a Highland lassie; at last the prairies were home."

"You've been very loyal to your John," I said. "But I guess your life has been a little empty."

"No, that's what I want to tell you," she added hastily. "Back home in the Highlands I always had books, and out here on the prairies I've had my books, too, poetry—romantic stuff, as your friend called it. But with them I've had everything precious in life, even romance. Because whether it's a Highland minstrel or a Scottish clansman, or just the memory of a boy with friendly blue eyes you're dreaming about, you have a whole world of your own in poetry."

A train whistle cut the night. The sleepy operator came out, swinging a lantern. "This is your local, lady," he said. We went outside together. The rain had stopped; the night was clear and cool.

Marconi's Discovery

THEY WERE DISCUSSING how long Amos 'n' Andy have been on the air. "I don't know," admitted maestro Bobby Byrne. "But I do know that when Marconi discovered the radio, the first program he tuned in was Amos 'n' Andy's."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

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HOW TO MAKE THE

An expert on psychological warfare proposes a daring program for

by **BRIG. GEN. BONNER FELLERS** (*U. S. Army, Retired*)

ALTHOUGH THE WORLD today seems headed inexorably toward total war, there is still a way by which America may avoid all-out global conflict. But this hope, prayerfully desired by millions of our peace-loving citizens, can be realized only if the U. S. unwraps a weapon of devastating force.

Aimed unerringly at Soviet Russia, this weapon—against which usual defenses are futile—can penetrate directly to Stalin's most vulnerable spot without loss of life or blood. But it must be launched at once, for time is drawing desperately short.

So far in the cold war with the Politbureau, we have failed miserably. The advantages in modern warfare are overwhelmingly with the *offensive*, in a conflict of ideas as well as in a shooting war. Yet from the start we have been on the defensive. The Communist masters have called every shot.

If we want to win the present contest, and thus head off a world atomic war, we must shift to the offensive and use our potentially most powerful weapon against further Red expansion. This weapon would be a well-planned, widespread, and vigorous campaign of psychological warfare, directed at overthrowing the Kremlin by creating revolution among the plain people of Soviet Russia.

Our first stroke should be at the weakest spot in the Kremlin's armor—its conflict with the Russian people. What the Soviet dictatorship fears most is that the passive and sullen discontent of its subjects may burst into open rebellion.

Russia's gigantic secret police system—with two million dread MVD agents as its backbone—pro-

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RUSSIANS REVOLT

penetrating the Soviet Union and overthrowing Stalin's gang

vides a measure of the Kremlin tyrants' distrust of the Russian people. The continual purges, the millions of political prisoners, the panicky campaigns against espionage and sabotage—are all evidences of the deep gulf dividing the governing clique and the masses.

The Iron Curtain is not impenetrable. As I write this article, I have on my desk anti-Communist pamphlets and newspapers printed and circulated inside Russia as late as June, 1950. Three million copies have been distributed by the National Alliance of Russian Solidarists—better known as NTS—an underground organization operating within and outside Russia.

NTS has developed novel operating techniques to reduce detection by the MVD to a minimum. This new scientific approach develops common objectives, which are passed from one person to another without written record or other means of group detection. Their operating unit is a cell of three persons; if one is caught, no more than three can be involved.

The existence of this movement for more than 20 years, despite purges, wars, torture, liquidation, and slave camps, proves two important points: 1) The Russian people still carry with them the ferment of revolt; and 2) Anti-Communist messages can reach them.

PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE is no longer an experiment. As used against Japan in World War II, it hastened the surrender and furthered the success of occupation. Our principal weapons were radio broadcasts, and the spread, by airdrop, of news sheets and leaflets. After the liberation of Leyte, we

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beamed our morale-shattering appeals to both the Japanese armed forces and citizens. Hour by hour we dramatized to homesick troops the devastation wrought by bombing of the homeland. We told the anxious ones at home of tragic defeats and sufferings of their troops. Today, we know that these broadcasts were highly effective.

Our truth leaflets, scattered by plane, were even more devastating. On each sheet we sought to break down a particular mental barrier to surrender. In New Guinea, before our use of psychological warfare, we took practically no prisoners. In the Philippines, the propaganda campaign met with such amazing success that Tokyo sent a commission to investigate the leaflets which were destroying the will to fight of their troops. And at war's end, we learned from the Emperor himself that our psychological campaign convinced his subjects the war was lost long before the A-bombs fell.

Can we duplicate in Russia in peace what we accomplished in Japan in war? I believe we can. In the Japanese case, our assignment was to drive a wedge between the ruling military clique and the masses. In the Soviet case, the wedge is already in place. We need only drive it deeper.

Such is the job cut out for our campaign of thought warfare—bold, imaginative, flexible, and continuous, under American leadership. Here are the three essentials:

1. *Make the peoples in Stalin's domain conscious of friendship and support beyond their sealed frontiers.*

Russia, like the nations under its heel, is in effect an occupied country. Democratic statesmen should grasp this vital fact, and let the oppressed peoples know they have grasped it. We must speak loudly and clearly to the masses *over the heads of their government.* We must use every occasion to assert:

That we do not blame the Russian people for the Kremlin's peace-wrecking tactics; that credit for Russia's record in World War II belongs to her people, not to Stalin's gang; that our concern for human rights does not stop at the Iron Curtain; that we share the hope of the Russian people for freedom and are eager to help them earn it.

How can we get this message across? The Voice of America has undertaken a valiant mission in thought warfare, but its scope is inadequate. Moreover, the State Department cannot be fully effective in directing a psychological program, for its work is necessarily diplomatic.

Therefore, the campaign must be sponsored and financed by a patriotic, nonprofit organization, independent of governmental agencies and accurately reflecting the principles and spiritual aspirations of the American people.

Funds for the program could be raised by public subscription. The planning staff should represent the

Serving in Tokyo as military secretary to General MacArthur after World War II, Brig. Gen. Bonner Fellers had ample opportunity to check the success of America's psychological warfare against Japan. As director of this campaign during the long trek from Australia to Tokyo, for which he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, he is well qualified to discuss the uses of this weapon today against Soviet Russia. The General retired from active service in 1946, and now lives in Washington.

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Radio Free Europe Wars Against the Satellites

ALREADY WORKING to penetrate the Red satellite nations with the true story of democracy is a privately endowed, nonprofit organization known as the National Committee for a Free Europe, Inc. With headquarters in New York City and sponsored by such notable Americans as former Ambassador Joseph C. Grew, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, AFL President William Green, Herbert H. Lehman, and Allen W. Dulles, the NCFE beams daily broadcasts over Radio Free Europe to more than 80,000,000 people living in Communist-dominated states.

Hard-hitting commentaries are prepared in the NCFE's Empire State Building offices by prominent political and intellectual exiles from the target countries. Top American radio executives supervise the programs, which are tape-recorded and flown to Germany. There, from an NCFE-staffed transmitter, they are being beamed directly to Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Albania.

However, the Fellers plan, as explained in these pages, calls for a much more direct and forthright campaign against Soviet Russia itself. Although the NCFE is performing an important task in waging psychological warfare in Eastern Europe, information experts believe that only such a program as General Fellers here proposes can do a thorough, all-out job of defeating the Kremlin by breaking its grip upon some 200,000,000 fear-ridden subjects.

major segments of our population, such as Religion, Education, Labor, Management, Agriculture, Veterans, and Professional groups. Since the planning and implementation would be independent of the U. S. Government, Soviet complaints to the State Department need not impede the campaign.

Our primary task would be to establish a ring of mobile radio stations all around Sovietland. Increasingly, the Voice of America programs have been "jammed" by Red stations; therefore, many of our stations should be "blind," spotted in various places around the perimeter. If discovered, they could quickly find new locations.

The programs should be filled with spot news, free from bias, and discussions of vital importance. Commentators should be intimately familiar with the culture, customs, and problems of the people being addressed. *Many of these commentators should be Russian refugees broadcasting directly to areas where they formerly lived and specifically speaking to former neighbors and friends.*

Certainly we can also make effective use of leaflets, newspapers, and other publications. No government may drop printed matter over foreign territory in time of peace, but private agencies can. Small balloons, collectively carrying millions of propaganda leaflets, can be sent over Soviet territory to drop their messages into eager hands.

Doubtless the MVD would try frantically to shoot down the bal-

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loons, but it would be an impossible task. Alexander Barmine, noted Russian refugee, says: "Attempts by Soviet officials to prevent balloon-carried leaflets would have a big psychological value. Their futile efforts would make them ridiculous in the eyes of the people—and that is damage the MVD can't overcome."

World War II experience proved that not even the threat of death will keep people from reading or listening to illicit information. Countries denied freedom of press and speech tend to become huge whispering galleries, through which suppressed facts quickly spread. Some of our propaganda material could be printed to look exactly like *Izvestia* and *Pravda*, so it can be passed along more safely.

Our over-all objective would be *to project the truth.*

2. *We should organize refugees from Soviet terror as a militant underground for truth and freedom.*

Today, more than 500,000 military and civilian escapees from the Soviet regime live wretched, hunted lives in Western Europe, Greece, and Turkey. So far, we have failed to help any large number of these refugees. Yet they are passionate partisans of freedom—our best allies. Most of them staked their lives to escape Communism, and will stake them again to destroy Communism.

Their first task should be to assist us in undermining the Red forces. The present Allied toleration of Red deserters should be changed to open encouragement. Stalin's occupation troops must be told that the democratic right of political asylum will protect them. More than that, private organizations to care for military exiles must be set up. The flow of deserters, at times as high as 10,000 a month, can be turned into a flood, with devastating effect upon Red Army morale.

Infiltration of the underground into Russia is difficult. But the Soviet perimeter is so vast—equal to three-fourths of the circumference of this planet—that the whole Red Army cannot guard it all. Each penetration is a special problem whose solution varies with local conditions: the crossing of an undeveloped frontier by droshky, in desert areas by camel, along water borders by small boats, in mountainous regions by pack mule. Precise methods cannot be disclosed.

Second task would be to help us strengthen Soviet opposition already functioning. In every country dominated by the Kremlin, an underground is actively at work.

Third project would be to strengthen governments-in-exile of every country dominated by the Kremlin. Already among the escapees are names that inspire faith among fellow exiles and in their native lands. These should be encouraged to assume positions of leadership in the movement.

These governments-in-exile should receive tacit backing and adequate financing. Their millions of refugees can carry a message to people inside the Russian curtain. Psychologically they know how to talk to their brothers, sisters, and relatives better than outsiders do.

3. *We should take the psychological initiative in the United Nations.*

The UN was founded to preserve peace. It was supposed to do this by maintaining the security of all nations, and by furnishing a sound-

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ing board for discussion of international problems. In the task of preserving the peace among permanent members of the Security Council, the UN is powerless. And as for a sounding board, the Soviet representatives have held the propaganda offensive in the UN from its start—with only one exception, the aggression in Korea.

We can gain the propaganda offensive in the UN simply by vigorous use of our strongest weapon—the truth. We can cite how Soviet representatives have walked out of UN agencies in hostile contempt of efforts to alleviate suffering, to strengthen economic recovery, to stabilize currencies. We can ask how the aggressive acts of the Soviets in the Balkans square with Russia's international agreements. We can remind peoples still free how the independence of Poland and Czechoslovakia was crushed by rigged elections. We can cite the failure to account for hundreds of thousands of German and Japanese prisoners, five years after the war. And, of course, we should continue to emphasize the unprovoked attack on South Korea.

We have every moral and political right to wage thought warfare against the Kremlin rulers. They themselves have drawn the pattern. For more than three decades, they have used false propaganda, subversion, and infiltration tactics unsparingly against the rest of the world. The Kremlin is obliged to propagate lies. Our thought offensive, by contrast, will be geared to the simple truths of our civil liberties, our high living standards, our genuine eagerness for friendship and peace.

Here is a program worthy of wholehearted endorsement by every American man and woman. The logic of conducting thought warfare against the Kremlin is plain: my proposal involves no shooting war, no shedding of blood, but, instead, the use of an irresistible weapon which, if employed properly, could bring peace to the world. Surely such a plan deserves full moral and financial support from every citizen who wants to see democracy, rather than communism, become the way of life for mankind everywhere.

Only those Americans who still think in the futile terms of appeasement will hesitate to venture on the road I have outlined. Today it is apparent that dictators fear, more than anything else, the truth that makes men free.

By acting boldly while there is still time, we can win the propaganda war—and, with the help of Soviet Russia's liberated masses, avoid an atomic war that would be certain to doom civilization.

Modern Maidens

Adolescent girls who think only of boys quickly outgrow such foolishness and begin to think only of men.—KENT RUTH

There's nothing strange in the fact that the modern miss is a live wire. She carries practically no insulation. —*Philnews*

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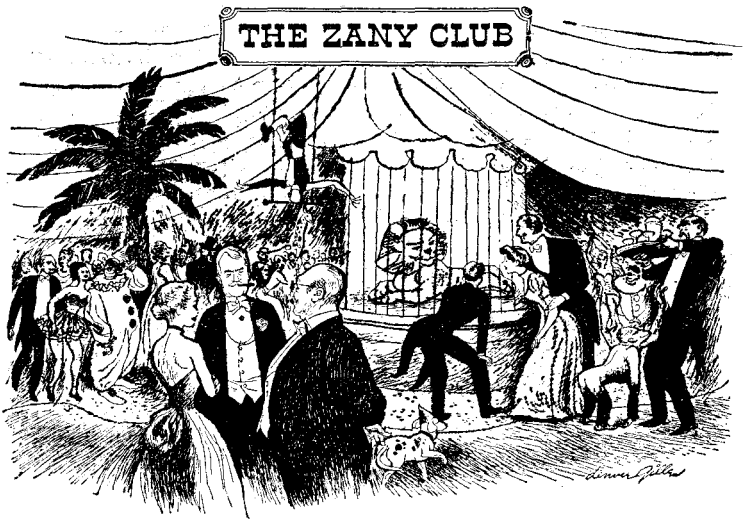
SINNERS



by MARTIN ABRAMSON

In a Big Top atmosphere, they have lampooned the most famous people in the world

AN EAR-SHATTERING scream echoed through the plush lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York as a middle-aged woman raced down the main lobby.

"There's a horse loose in the hotel!" she shrieked.

A trio of assistant managers, armed with smelling salts, rushed over to minister to their guest. The woman hadn't been seeing ghosts. There *was* a horse in the lobby—a handsome white equine happily munching a vase of flowers.

A manager dashed to the Grand Ballroom and located Gene Autry, the cowboy movie star. "We've found that horse of yours," he said. "He's eating roses in the lobby!"

Autry hastily retrieved his prize gelding and led him out of the lobby, right past the scandalized eyes of the nigh-hysterical guest.

"We . . . er . . . never know what to expect at a Saints and Sinners luncheon," the manager stammered to her in explanation. "Sometimes they bring horses. Sometimes it's ducks, sometimes monkeys. Of course," he added with a strained smile, "we know it's all in fun."

Permanent residents of the Waldorf know from past experience that they have to batten down the hatches when the madcap Saints and Sinners move in. For the Circus Saints and Sinners Club is easily the wildest and wooliest luncheon club of all time, even though it

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boasts one of the most distinguished memberships in the world.

Once a month, except in July and August, most of the 3,000 members of the club meet for their luncheons in New York and eight other American cities. The roster includes statesmen, explorers, movie stars, athletes, educators, writers, and tired businessmen. But whatever their calling, they are all —in the words of the late Jimmy Walker, long-time New York mayor —"mature kids who've never outgrown their love for circus escapades and who want to preserve the circus as an institution for the kids who will follow them."

An authentic circus atmosphere is reproduced for the members at their monthly sessions in the hotel Big Top, from the striped canvas on the ceiling to the aroma of the menagerie, the sawdust-covered floor, the bewildering blah of the barkers, the garish posters, the side shows, the fat lady, and the old steam calliope.

Each luncheon has a different guest of honor who is feted in a full-length production accompanying the meal. But his official title is "Fall Guy" instead of "Guest of Honor," and instead of being lauded he is pitilessly lampooned in sketches and blackouts. And this despite the fact that the Fall Guys are always eminent national and international figures.

"The bigger they are, the easier they take it," says F. Darius Benham, founder of the organization. "It's in the American tradition that our most important people are also our most humble."

After Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark was made a "Fall Guy," he received mail commenting that the Saints and Sinners had cast aspersions on America's legal system by satirizing him.

"Nonsense," replied Clark. "The Fall Guy idea epitomizes the highest ideals of American sportsmanship and good humor."

Gene Autry hasn't been the only Fall Guy to bring his horse. Admiral Halsey rode his famed white charger right into the main entrance of the Waldorf. By contrast, Admiral Woodward was hauled to the festivities in a small bathtub, and Winthrop Rockefeller arrived in a baby carriage crammed with milk bottles.

"We've all got schnozzolas," Fall Guy Jimmy Durante announced after his induction. "If we don't have it in the face, we've got it in our habits or in our backgrounds. When we admit our schnozzolas, instead of trying to defend them, then the whole world laughs with —and not at—us."

The usual roast session capitalizes on the "schnozzola"—or identifying characteristic—of the Fall Guy and builds debunking sketches around it. With Gene Tunney, the point of attack was the ex-boxing champion's yen for Shakespeare. With Frank Sinatra, it was his physique—or lack of it.

Sometimes, instead of harrying the Fall Guy, CSSC members wind up in a stew. When auto manufacturers Henry Kaiser and Joseph Frazer were initiated, a special bingo game was held. It had been previously announced that a Frazer car would be graciously donated by the Fall Guys to the winner.

For an hour, the Saints and Sinners—who should certainly have

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known better—devoted themselves to their bingo cards with frenzied concentration. Then a number was called, and a thousand-odd men leaped up, screeching "Bingo!"

It turned out, of course, that the game had been rigged so that every member would get Bingo at the same time!

Behind the façade of fun and hijinks, the Sinners have a serious, humane purpose. They help provide for old, indigent, and invalided circus troupers who have reached the end of their performing days. Thousands of dollars have been appropriated for this purpose and many a trouper has been properly endowed for the enjoyment he provided during his service under the Big Top. Whenever the CSSC is informed of an old circus hand in need, the Old Troupers Committee acts promptly. Former Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones became so enthused over his induction as Fall Guy that he wrote out three $1,000 checks for the Troupers Committee.

F. Darius Benham, a dynamic, walrus-mustached publicity man who has been dubbed the male Elsa Maxwell because of his close association with celebrities, is almost as colorful as the organization he founded. He attended West Point, saw service in the French Foreign Legion, drove a chariot as "Ben Hur" for Barnum & Bailey's Circus, and worked as a journalist.

It was while he was a reporter that Benham hit on his idea for the Saints and Sinners. His city editor assigned him to cover the circus. One day in 1928, he chanced on an eight-horse-team driver named Jim Thomas. The driver, a wrinkled 83-year-old who had been with the circus since the Civil War, was sprawled out on a bale of hay, so fatigued he could scarcely move.

"Why don't you quit?" Benham asked him. "Can't afford it," said the old driver. "There's no place for old circus folk to go. They just have to crawl on top of an old red circus wagon and die."

Benham did some checking and found that there was no organization to care for needy troupers. Promptly he called some of his friends together, and the "Circus Saints and Sinners" was launched. The Saints represented members who had actually worked under the Big Top, and the Sinners those who had never had the courage to run off with the circus. Today, the club membership consists of far more Sinners than Saints.

In 1932, the idea of having a Fall Guy at each club luncheon was broached. The first was Count Felix von Luckner, the German sea raider of World War I. He was initiated before a gathering of 17 members. But the big break for the Saints came when Dr. Alan Roy Dafoe, the mild little man who delivered the famous Dionne Quintuplets, was honored as Fall Guy. A riotous series of skits parodied the birth of the Quints, and Dr. Dafoe was given the honorary degree of "Doctor of Litters."

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When the newspapers carried the story, however, Papa Dionne became angry and filed suit against Dafoe in Toronto. Benham was summoned as a witness while headlines acquainted millions with the Saints and Sinners. The case was finally tossed out of court, but CSSC was now an international name and prospective members were clamoring to get in.

The club moved from its first meeting place in Sardi's Restaurant, New York, to the Park Central Hotel, then to the Gotham, the Commodore, the Astor, and finally to the Waldorf. It was at the Gotham that Martin Johnson's wild animals ripped up furnishings. For the next luncheon, an elephant was brought to the main entrance. This animal turned out to be artificial, but it was so huge it sheared off part of the wall trying to get in.

General Eisenhower was initiated at the time he was being boomed for the presidency of the U. S. As he stepped toward the stage, a spectral figure representing Ulysses S. Grant appeared and announced he had come to give "Ike" one word of advice: "Don't!"

Following the luncheon sketches, Tex O'Rourke, after-dinner speaker and former soldier of fortune, sums up by acidly reviewing the Fall Guy's life. To get his material, he spends long periods of research in libraries and with people who knew the Fall Guy "when."

After O'Rourke completes his summary, the Fall Guy is allowed to say a few words in his own defense, but he is usually so worn down by that time that he can't say very much. Marshall Field could only say, "Thank you."

Celebrities who have been Fall Guys include six members of the Cabinet, the sons of two Presidents, a Prime Minister of Canada, various governors, generals, admirals, and senators, the richest men in America, members of European royalty, stage and screen stars.

"But you haven't initiated the President of the United States, have you?" Benham was asked.

"No," said Benham, "but, gosh, what he wouldn't give to get in!"

Presidential Exclusives

John Adams—the only President to live to the ripe old age of 90.

John Tyler—the only President to renounce the Union and be elected a Confederate congressman.

Hayes and Taft—the only Presidents to celebrate their Silver Wedding anniversaries in the White House.

Ulysses S. Grant—the only President to smoke 20 cigars a day.

James Polk—the only President to employ his wife as his secretary.

William Howard Taft—the only President whose wife grazed a cow on the White House lawn.

—Bertha Sulman

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Does RHYTHM Work In Birth Control?

by AMY SELWYN

What are the *facts* about this method of family planning? This article tells you

SINCE ITS INTRODUCTION into the U.S. in the 1930s, at least one of every ten American wives has practiced a method of family planning known as the "rhythm theory." This means of controlling the size of a family has been highly recommended by many medical and clerical authorities. But despite widespread discussion, the basic facts about the method are not generally known.

In essence, the "rhythm theory" is based on the assumption that there are only certain days each month when a woman is fertile and can conceive. The theory continues: if a husband and wife check the day-by-day rise and fall of this natural rhythm—and restrict intercourse to the so-called "infertile" days of the month—pregnancy is impossible.

That is the theory, but what are the facts? Does the medical profession as a whole agree that there is a scientific basis for this method? Do couples who utilize it get the results they hope for? Would it be safe — or perhaps desirable — for other couples to adopt? Or would they find the rhythm method unscientific and undependable?

Accurate answers to these questions are profoundly important to a great many people. Most of the ideas generally indulged about the rhythm method are false and misleading. Even among couples who rely on rhythm, there is widespread ignorance about what the theory is and how it works.

Medical authorities agree that there is a physiological basis for the method, and cite three recent scientific discoveries:

1. Fertility in all normal women is periodic, and alternates rhythmically with periods of infertility. In the words of the world-renowned physician, Dr. Robert Latou Dickinson: "Every woman has a long series of infertile days in her monthly cycle during which conception is impossible."

Actually this is not a new idea

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at all. More than 2,000 years ago, Hindu physicians guessed that this was so. But until recently nobody had succeeded in establishing it scientifically.

Within the past few years, extensive experiments—first on animals, then on human beings—have amply corroborated the ancient Hindu belief. According to Dr. Abraham Stone of New York, "Investigations indicate that a woman can conceive only on or about the day she ovulates." That is, when one of her ovaries discharges an egg into one of her Fallopian tubes.

"It is very generally accepted, too," continues Dr. Stone, "that ovulation occurs only once each month, and that the egg retains its capacity of being fertilized for a short time. Probably not more than 48 hours."

2. Ovulation usually takes place in the middle of the monthly cycle —between menstrual periods. Dozens of medical researchers have compiled objective evidence of the fact that ovulation generally occurs about the 14th day before the next expected period.

3. Male sperm cells live only a short time after entering the female reproductive tract. "Probably no more than 48 hours," says Dr. John Rock of the Free Hospital for Women in Brookline, Massachusetts.

What do these three facts add up to? Simply this: with the average woman, there are at most four days in a month when intercourse will probably result in pregnancy. These include the two days *before* ovulation (sperm which has been deposited may still be alive at ovulation time), the day of ovulation, and the day after, while the egg may still be alive. The rest of the month may be considered "safe."

Is the rhythm method as effective in practice as it is on paper?

Dr. Leo J. Latz has reported in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* on an 18-month study of 1,000 women in the U.S. and Canada. He guided these women in keeping calendars of menstrual periods and fertile periods. Dr. Latz's cumulative figures show that 50,000 sexual contacts resulted in only two pregnancies, and these were desired ones. He concluded: "Abstinence during the fertile period does prevent conception."

Very recently, several physicians have reported their findings with the rhythm theory. Dr. Rock reported: "One hundred couples using the method for a year had 11 pregnancies among them, but seven of these were attributable to willful or accidental carelessness."

Dr. Stone has accumulated equally interesting results at the Sanger Research Bureau, where several hundred women have been instructed by doctors to chart safe and unsafe periods, and to guide themselves accordingly. "The method has been successful in 95 per cent of cases," Dr. Stone said recently.

In Chicago, another distinguished gynecologist has made a provocative report. Dr. M. Edward Davis told how he explained the rhythm method to a group of patients. His instructions did not involve monthly calendars. Instead, he asked the women to keep daily records of their temperatures.

It has been known for some years that there is a periodic rise and fall in temperature in normal women—due to the action of female sex hor-

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mones. Characteristically, Dr. Davis states, the temperature drops shortly before ovulation; then it rises sharply and remains high for 24 to 36 hours; then levels off. Therefore, if a woman takes her temperature daily upon awakening, she should be able to tell when she is entering her fertile period.

Dr. Davis describes how this system has worked with his patients: "The woman is asked to refrain from coitus from the pre-ovulatory drop in temperature until 36 to 48 hours after the ovulatory rise has reached a plateau. . . . The fertile period can thus be narrowed to a few days. A group of women have followed these simple instructions and have had no difficulty."

Dr. Davis warns that not all couples can utilize this technique, because not all women show the typical temperature curve. "In three out of four women, though, a properly prepared temperature graph will indicate the ovulatory period."

ALL DOCTORS AGREE that whether the rhythm method is practiced according to a temperature graph or according to a monthly calendar, it cannot be expected to work successfully for *all* couples. There are two reasons why: first, because it is not possible to have a completely effective means of preventing conception until the process of conception is completely understood.

Doctors still don't understand exactly how ovulation occurs; or how sperm cells reach the egg and fertilize it. Until they do, there won't be a 100-per-cent effective means of preventing conception.

Secondly, some of the medical and physiological findings on which the rhythm method is founded are still the subject of controversy. Many doctors feel, for instance, that it is not correct to assume that ovulation generally occurs on the 14th day before the next menstruation. It generally occurs, they say, anywhere from the 12th to the 16th day. Some medical men claim, too, that sperm cells *may* live longer than 48 hours after they enter the female reproductive tract. As long as there is controversy, the rhythm method cannot be recommended as *completely* effective and reliable.

Nevertheless, many doctors maintain that the rhythm method *is* a practical and workable means of family planning. Its chief advantage, they say, is that it is a completely natural method. It does not involve the use of artificial or foreign substances—chemicals or jellies or mechanical devices. Then, too, because the method is natural, it is appealing psychologically to many couples.

Despite these advantages, there are medical specialists who say that the method should not be recommended to the average family as a safe and effective means of spacing children. Their first argument quotes statistics that differ radically from those published by proponents of the theory. According to one survey, one in two couples who have used the method have not successfully prevented conception. According to another survey, out of every 100 couples who have practiced rhythm, 59.7 per cent have conceived children.

These statistics are especially significant when it is noted that one in ten couples rely completely on rhythm to prevent conception; and

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one in five couples use it occasionally or frequently.

Why do these discrepancies occur? Doctors cite several important reasons. For one, some couples do not understand certain basic medical facts which must be understood if rhythm is to bring the desired results. Here is a typical case:

Mae R—— was married six months ago. She and her husband wanted children, but they felt it best to wait for a year or two. They decided to use the rhythm method.

After three months, Mae was pregnant. What had happened? Mae's difficulty was that she believed her safe period was in the middle of the month, and that she was most fertile just before and just after her menstrual periods. So she and her husband confined their sexual relations to the middle of the month—just the opposite of what they should have done.

Couples who know all the necessary medical facts may still find the rhythm theory ineffective because they don't take the time or trouble to practice it properly. Authorities emphasize that this method of family planning requires considerable care and concentration. Detailed calendars must be kept, or daily temperature readings taken.

Some medical men are opposed to general use of the rhythm system for another reason: it is now believed that sexual desire reaches its peak in most women just at the time when the system requires abstinence. Hence, rhythm is not likely to work well for couples who cannot control their sexual drives.

Mrs. M—— and her husband had three children. For reasons of health, Mrs. M—— was advised not to have any more. When she became pregnant again, she and her husband couldn't understand why, since they had abstained from intercourse during the "unsafe" period in the middle of the month.

Doctors opposed to the general practice of the method point out that such cases are numerous, and explain why: most women are fertile in the middle of the month, but *not all* women are.

"Many women," says Dr. J. P. Greenhill, Chicago gynecologist, "ovulate several days before or several days after this."

Dr. Dickinson found that ovulation *may* occur at *any* time during the month—even during the menstrual period. Other investigators have made the same discovery, and cite it as their chief argument against rhythm.

Doctors who advocate the theory admit that ovulation *may* occur at any time, and recommend that all who wish to practice this form of family planning should have a physician determine whether they have a typical ovulation curve. Then there should be no difficulty.

But the opposition has still another argument: even in women who ovulate regularly, there may be times when the cycle becomes distorted or mixed up. Any number of external influences, they point out, may affect the process of ovulation. As a result, ovulation may come sooner than it normally would, or may be postponed for days or even weeks.

Dr. S. L. Siegler of the Brooklyn Women's Hospital says: "Worry, excitement, shock, or depression may cause a disturbance in the cycle."

Dr. Greenhill has observed that

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many women have irregular cycles after illness, childbirth, or any alteration in their lives, such as travel or a change in climate. Advocates of the method admit these points are well taken, but add that they do not recommend rhythm for abnormal women or under unusual circumstances.

When we sum up the arguments, pro and con, what do we get? Actually, doctors for and doctors against rhythm have a lot in common. They all admit the method is physiologically feasible, and that it can be an effective means of child spacing. They agree, too, that it is natural and inexpensive, and unlikely to cause harm or physical injury. Both sides assert, also, that the method is often used by people who don't know how it works, and by people who know the rules but don't follow them.

Many of the medical experts who have come out against rhythm admit that what they really oppose is its misuse. They grant that if couples who wish to practice the theory get medical sanction and instruction, they should find it successful. Both pros and cons state that, under medical supervision, this natural means of family planning *could* probably work for three out of four married couples.

Right now, however, since the method is so often used without sufficient preparation or care, it is proving ineffective in too many cases. It is with these couples in mind that authorities say, unanimously: any husband and wife who hope to depend on rhythm would do well to determine first whether they are willing and able to follow the rules it necessarily imposes.

It is folly not to take time, beforehand, for a careful inquiry into such matters as your personal temperament, your religious convictions, your psychological attitudes. And besides making your own search, you may want to consult with your doctor before reaching a final decision.

Only after considering all the relevant factors will you be in a position to decide for yourself whether the rhythm theory is the right or wrong method to use in your own family planning.

Auto-suggestion

The only time a traffic light shows green in both directions is during the testimony of two drivers who have had a collision.
—NEAL O'HARA

Women drivers would be as good as men, but for one thing: automobile fenders. —*The Palette & Brush*

A hand signal from a woman motorist prepares us to expect the unexpected. —WALTER H. SCHMIDT

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POLITICS! POLITICS! POLITICS!

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, who three times sought the Presidency and three times watched his adversary cop the brass ring, was one of the best-humored defeated candidates this country has ever seen.

After his third defeat, Mr. Bryan observed that he felt like the cowboy who was repeatedly thrown out of his favorite saloon. The third time he was ejected, the cowboy picked himself up out of the street, dusted himself off, and plaintively observed, "You know, I'm beginning to suspect those fellows don't want me in there."

BEAMING WITH HAPPINESS over the enthusiastic reception his campaign address had received, the veteran politician bowed himself off the stage and into the midst of his faithful co-workers, who awaited him in the wings.

"Senator," a starry-eyed young supporter cried, "that speech was great! You certainly made yourself clear on the States' Rights question."

"Did I?" rejoined the startled politician.

"You sure did, Senator!"

"My God!" cried the old campaigner. "What a blunder!"

—*Wall Street Journal*

A NEW YORK State Supreme Court Justice had been making an unusual number of after-dinner speeches, as many as six a week. Mystified friends asked him the reason.

"After all," he explained, "I come up for re-election again in 11½ years." —LEONARD LYONS

IRREPRESSIBLE Judy Canova, reminded of the old saying that the right man will come along, commented: "Yeah: that's what they told the Republicans!" —LARRY WOLTERS

"TIMES CERTAINLY have changed—and perhaps for the better," one commuter observed to another as they stood on the platform waiting for their train.

"How so?"

"Why, at a little family gathering last night, the women talked politics while the men got off in a corner and exchanged recipes."

—LEWIS & FAYE COPELAND

MOTHER HAD EXPLAINED to little Alice all about the election, and on balloting day she took her along to the polls. With keen interest the little girl watched her mark her ballot, then observed: "Gee, mom, do you always vote for the man you love most?"

"But Alice," chided the mother, "what makes you say that?"

"Well," said the small one, "I saw you put a kiss by his name." —ASHER BURG

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PRISON HEROES CONQUER MALARIA

by PAUL JACKSON

By volunteering for a dangerous experiment, they found a way to serve their country

ALTHOUGH FROM war to war our human foes in the Far East may change, one enemy remains the same. It is malaria, the sinister, infectious, mosquito-spread disease, which tortures its victims with violent attacks of chills and fever.

During World War II, we were not equipped to deal with this treacherous antagonist. Japan had cut off most of our supply of quinine and although we managed to develop atabrine, a fairly good chemical substitute, malaria still incapacitated 400,000 of our troops, some of whom have never fully recovered.

When the Korean war broke out last June, the situation was different. In the words of the University of Chicago's Dr. Alf Alving, a leader in the laboratory battle against malaria, the disease by then had ceased to be "a serious military problem." Today, for all practical purposes, the ancient plague has been conquered.

However, the real drama lies not in any single statement—dramatic as that one is—but in the stories of the brave and dedicated men who participated in the conquest. Our present-day soldiers should know about the men in prison, outcasts of society who, with no thought of reward or praise, submitted to the experiments which made possible the final triumph.

When the government first gathered its forces for the long struggle with malaria—an effort which by now has lasted six years, cost $7,000,000, and included the testing of 14,000 compounds—the two approved methods of treating the malady were by means of quinine and atabrine. Both relieved symptoms, but neither could effect a cure.

Because of the peculiar character of the disease, tests for a new remedy could be carried out only on human beings, and a call went out for volunteers.

"Those accepted will submit," the request read, "to the bites of mosquitoes infected with the Chesson strain of malaria prevalent in the South Pacific area"—and it added the warning that there was a strong probability of relapses or recurrent infection for several years.

Grim as this sounded, the inmates of various prisons and a few other institutions responded eagerly. Later, many of them were rewarded by slight reductions of sentences, but no such promise was held out at the beginning. All they were offered officially was certain

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pain and possible death. But they read into the invitation an appealing quality—a chance, however slight, to serve their country.

One thousand prisoners, including murderers, robbers, and lesser criminals at Stateville Penitentiary in Joliet, Illinois, by now have participated in the mammoth experiment, risking their lives to save the lives of GIs. One of the Stateville leaders was Nathan Leopold, who in the 1920s, with Richard Loeb, was responsible for the "thrill-slaying" of a Chicago boy named Bobby Franks. Now eligible for parole in 1953, Leopold acted as spokesman for his associates when he wrote in the prison paper:

"The feeling that one has been permitted to have a small part in helping to solve a grave medical problem is the source of more solid, lasting satisfaction than most of us have ever known before!"

Other volunteers included Glenn Marsh, serving 199 years for assorted murders (he had no hope of reward at all, for in his case a slight reduction of sentence would have been only a mockery); Jack Epstein, doing life for armed robbery, and Charles Ickes, also in prison for armed robbery.

Epstein was given a malaria antidote which caused his white blood corpuscles—the ones that fight infection—to disappear. For 14 days he was a living corpse, the only man in medical history, it is believed, to survive without white cells. Kept alive by penicillin, he says today: "It was the least I could do."

Ickes was bitten by 40 mosquitoes in four separate experiments and suffered nine malarial attacks. Now, along with one of his fellow volunteers—a murderer—he is working in the Army prison laboratory and is accounted one of the most able technicians in the country.

First results were announced early in 1946, after a synthetic drug, SN-7618, had been used on 5,000 malaria cases. The new product was said to relieve acute attacks three times faster than atabrine or quinine, and to lack some of their undesirable side effects.

But SN-7618 was not the final objective; it was only a way station. More effective remedies were in sight; and now CORONET is able to announce for the first time that further experiments have resulted in a six-day permanent cure. Final tests were completed last August. This new wonder drug emerged from tests conducted by Dr. Alving and a young Army scientist, Capt. John Arnold.

Dr. Arnold is particularly respected by the convicts with whom he has worked because, contrary to Army regulations, he secretly infected himself, becoming one of his own guinea pigs. Although he fell dangerously ill, he stuck at his job. Today, few prisoners would refuse to cooperate on any experiment he might suggest.

The six-day wonder drug, called Primaquine, has been hailed as the achieved goal of the long search. Made in pill form, it can be self-administered and, if taken on a one-a-day, six-day schedule, appears to have no ill effects.

MOST LONG-TERM medical projects develop certain by-products, and this one was no exception. Although it is too soon to speak with certainty, it looks as though the

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malaria experiments have turned up hopeful data on the treatment of two other dread diseases, arthritis and paresis.

At least four convicts, who submitted to infection and then took the antidote, reported being cured not only of malaria but also of arthritis. One had been confined to bed with the latter affliction for more than a year. As for paresis (an advanced stage of syphilis), the malaria poison itself seems to have effected a number of cures in a Georgia mental hospital.

Other institutions which contributed "guinea pigs" were the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia; the New Jersey State Reformatory in Rahway; the Army Disciplinary Barracks at Greenhaven, New York; the Massachusetts General Hospital; and the Colwater Memorial Institute (participants from the last two being conscientious objectors).

The experiments, supervised originally by the Board for Coordination of Malarial Studies, an arm of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, now are headed up by Col. William S. Stone, chief of the U. S. Army Medical Research Board, in Washington. Everyone involved is indebted to Warden Ragen of Stateville, who has shown surpassing skill in handling volunteers and whose prison is the only one where tests still are being carried on.

However, the most striking by-product of the prison experiments has been not in the realm of bacteriology but in that of the spirit. It has been the wonderful response of men who too often are considered subhuman. None of the human guinea pigs died as a result of the experiments but many came close to doing so, and their courage throughout has compared favorably with that of the GIs fighting in the Far East.

Meanwhile, the Russians have been thumping propaganda drums about Stateville Prison, calling it a concentration camp where human beings are subjected to inhuman experiments. Leopold and his fellows, patriots all, may be interested to know of this.

Just the other day, some of these men heard indirectly that new malarial experiments were to be undertaken—with the object this time of developing a *preventive* drug to supplement the curative one. Even before the call went out for volunteers, 75 prisoners had offered their services!

They Learn Young

WHEN ONE OF SUSIE'S little friends came to see her, she found the youngster playing with her new housekeeping set. "Are you washing dishes?" the visitor inquired.

"Yes," replied Susie seriously, "and I'm drying 'em, too, 'cause I'm not married yet."

—STEPHEN TEMPLETON

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TENDER AND TRAGIC, Shakespeare's story of Romeo and Juliet is as timeless as love itself. Now, in nguished paintings by Piotr Dimitri, Coronet brings you the drama that has awakened answering echoes in the hearts of lovers of every age.

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ROMEO: "HER BEAUTY HANGS UPON THE CHEEK OF NIGHT LIKE A RICH JEWEL . . . "

Masked and uninvited, Romeo daringly attends a masquerade in the home of his family's mortal enemies, the Capulets. There, he and Juliet, daughter of the hostile house, meet among the revelers and fall in love before either finds out who the other really is.

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JULIET: "O ROMEO, ROMEO! WHEREFORE ART THOU ROMEO? DENY THY FATHER . . ."

In the most famous love scene ever written, Juliet, standing on her balcony, and Romeo, in the garden below, confess their passion, exchange star-crossed vows, and for the first time discover that parting, in Juliet's immortal phrase, can be "such sweet sorrow . . ."

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ROMEO: "THIS DAY'S BLACK FATE . . . BUT BEGINS THE WOE OTHERS MUST END."

After the lovers are secretly wed, Romeo, despite himself, is drawn into a street brawl, sees a friend killed and, to avenge his death, slays Juliet's fiery cousin, Tybalt. Gazing at his own handiwork, he is first stunned and then filled with premonitions of disaster.

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JULIET: "ROMEO, I COME! THIS DO I DRINK TO THEE . . ."

From the same priest who sheltered her husband, the distracted bride obtains a medicine capable of bringing on a sleep that has the look of death. When she awakens, she is assured, the dreaded crisis will have passed and she will be able to join Romeo safely in exile.

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ROMEO: "EYES, LOOK YOUR LAST! ARMS, TAKE YOUR LAST EMBRACE!"

But, alas! Deceived by Juliet's deathlike trance, Romeo drinks poison. When she revives to find him gone, she stabs herself. Although their lives and flaming passion seem to have been wasted, the tragedy at least has healed the breach between their families.

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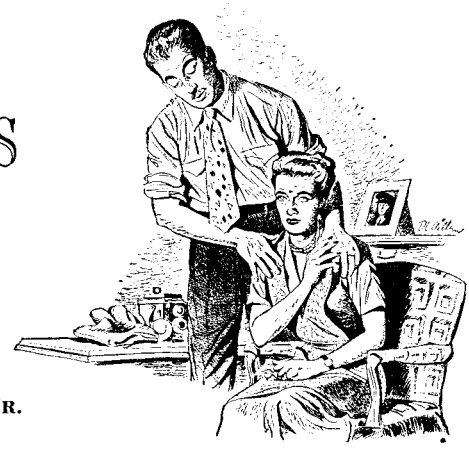
GOOD NEWS FOR PARENTS OF TODAY'S SOLDIERS

by RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.



The Army is doing its best to keep recruits comfortable, happy, and well-fed

THESE DAYS, thousands of American boys are entering the U. S. Army. Many are leaving home for the first time in their lives. They represent all levels of society, every section of the country—but most share one thing in common: to the parents they are leaving behind, the war, the Army, and military life fuse into one huge question mark.

Ignorance about this new venture upon which their sons are embarking is causing hundreds of thousands of parents much unnecessary concern. They are concerned, of course, about the possibility of injury or death in combat. But their primary worry is more basic, rooted in their own experience as mothers and fathers. They ask one another such questions as, "Do you think John is getting good food?" "Is our boy wearing the right kind of clothing?" "What kind of social life will Bob be exposed to?" and "Are those sergeants as mean as people say?"

At a rambling, 55-square-mile Army camp in New Jersey, a group of experienced officers and noncoms are providing comforting answers to parents everywhere. One of four centers in the U. S. where thousands of draftees are now being inducted into service, Fort Dix is an outstanding example of the "New Army" in action. Its 7,000 troops, members of the 9th Infantry Division, are devoting all their time these days to caring for recruits.

From an on-the-spot inspection of their activities has come refreshing evidence that Army youths today are in the best possible hands. They are receiving sound guidance, and supervision that is as psychologically thorough as it is careful. Thus, from these untrained youngsters, the Army is molding a body of men who know how to accept responsibility and conduct themselves as leaders—voluntarily and without bowing to dictatorial force.

Responsible for the welfare, health, and training of new soldiers

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at Dix is Maj. Gen. John M. Devine, a small, soft-spoken West Pointer who personally developed many of the Army's new twists in handling men. No blood-and-guts brass hat, Devine is primarily a teacher. He is almost better known as an educator than as a commander who led the 8th Armored Division across Europe to the Ruhr in World War II. For the trim Master of Science with the thin mustache and shy smile earned an enviable reputation as a professor at the U. S. Military Academy, Fort Sill's Field Artillery School, and Yale University.

Also, Devine is a father who knows what it is to worry about a boy on the battlefield. His son, Austin, a major at 24, commanded an artillery battalion in Europe. Thus, Devine is an outstanding example of the enlightened top-level leader on whom the Army today is relying to educate its young men.

First, the Army has recognized that it is taking over the job of education begun by parents. For that reason, modern officers and noncoms must practice a different brand of discipline from that of the old days. Discipline is no longer an end in itself, but a means by which the recruit is instructed in group duties and responsibilities.

As the General says to new recruits he welcomes to the post, "You're in the Army now, as the old saying goes. But don't let that scare you. The Army pays, feeds, clothes, and houses you—not in luxury but adequately. In return, you are expected to work. Few people in this world get paid without working, and you and I are not in that group."

Thus, for the food, clothing, shelter, and $75 a month the Army offers young men, it asks a full measure of service and devotion. Actually, such requirements differ little from those placed on the average civilian. That same comparison between civilian and Army customs is echoed throughout the new soldier's training.

FOR MOST BOYS, the first break with back-home routine comes in "community living." Where they once shared bedrooms and bathrooms with brothers and sisters, they must now share a two-story barracks with 59 other men. Designed for maximum healthy living, it guarantees each man a scientifically determined "air space" and sleeping quarters.

Every soldier sleeps under olive-drab blankets spread on a springy mattress. At the end of each bed is a clothes rack on which the rookie is taught to hang his uniforms neatly and precisely. And the degree of sanitation maintained in Army barracks would cause mothers to raise their hands in wonder; windows are washed weekly, floors are scrubbed daily, and furniture must be immaculately dusted.

Judged at first glance, a barracks presents a rather Spartan appearance. There is no clutter of bric-a-brac, no tables and knickknacks. Yet the average soldier actually lives in surroundings at least as sanitary and almost as comfortable as those back home. And the washroom, sleeping, and clothing-care facilities are often better than he enjoyed at home.

Within a day after his arrival at Dix, the recruit is measured from

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head to toe and ushered into a clothing-filled warehouse. There he is outfitted in a variety of summer and winter uniforms in his exact size. In case a blouse bulges or a pair of shoes pinches, staccato orders are issued. "Take up that seam; exchange those shoes; lengthen that cuff; shorten that sleeve."

The psychological effect on the recruit of a smartly fitting uniform cannot be exaggerated. As he surveys himself, his shoulders straighten and his jaw tightens. "Now I *am* a soldier!" he says to himself.

After GIs for years griped about Army food, someone finally did something about it. The dread Kitchen Police has now been elevated to a respected military science. Known as Food Specialists, today's expert mess operators must undergo a rigorous course at an Army Food Service School before they are permitted behind a mammoth range.

Even before the food reaches the mess hall, Army dietitians—men and women trained in the mysteries of calories and vitamins—have devised menus which take into consideration the tremendous energy-needs of men who are growing and exercising strenuously.

IN ADDITION to concern for their sons' physical welfare, many parents are worried about what the Army does with the minds and talents of its charges. Here, again, great strides have been made since World War II. Now, for instance, recruits spend eight hours taking some 12 aptitude tests, designed to guarantee, as far as is humanly possible, that no round pegs are forced into square holes.

Following scoring of his answers and a personal interview with an Army assignment specialist, the new soldier is classified under preferential specialties. Then, when he has completed his 14 weeks of basic training at Dix, the recruit is earmarked to attend a school in his specialty at another post.

"I know the Army takes good care of my son," a Pennsylvania mother said recently. "I know they feed and clothe him well. But to whom can he turn for a heart-to-heart talk?"

For such mothers, the Army again has reassuring comfort. It devotes sympathetic care to the soldier's mind as well as his body, and offers its fledglings a variety of emotional ports-in-the-storm. Never before have chaplains played such a vital role in caring for the spiritual needs of America's recruits. Every rookie at Dix may chat informally with a chaplain of his own faith; more than 90 per cent consult one of the 15 chaplains there at least once during their stay.

Some rookies take advantage of General Devine's advice—"If you have a gripe, get it off your chest"—to talk things over with their company commanders in regular hours set aside for such off-the-record bull sessions. For those few recruits who still cannot adjust to Army routine, a staff of expert psychiatrists is on 24-hour call.

As an antidote to homesickness, 9th Division officers invite parents to visit Dix and spend week ends with their sons. Also, this practice lets mothers and fathers see for themselves how their boys live and work. To old-timers in the service, this may smack of coddling; to the

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new Army's disciples, however, it pays off in increased cooperation and understanding by both soldiers and parents.

Once the military day closes with Retreat at 5:30, the soldier is on his own, free to amuse himself on the post or, after his first five weeks of basic training, to ask for week-end passes. If he prefers to stay at camp, he can visit a movie theater, a post exchange, or his company "day room," a sort of informal barracks club outfitted with radio, television, magazines, library, game tables, pinball machines, letter desks, and sofas. Also, a "hobby house" beckons the rookie to try his hand at woodworking lathes, drill presses, metalwork benches, and molds to make plastic novelties.

Despite all the devices the Army has adopted to encourage the soldier to "play at home," a traditional compulsion invariably attracts him off the post. But even in bars and taverns, the Army watches over its wards; those under age may be served only soft drinks. Their age is stated plainly on their passes.

The impact of such farsighted policies on the rookie cannot be overemphasized. When a youth enters the Army, he is often unsettled, confused, even rebellious. He cannot understand why he must do as ordered, merely because a lieutenant says so. Thus he resists discipline until he realizes it is necessary and, in a way, desirable.

Slowly but surely, yesterday's raw recruit becomes today's efficient soldier. His views toward both his officers and his buddies change, as he discovers how each man fills a particular spot in the huge and powerful organization of which he is a member. Likewise, he cultivates a new respect for himself as an important unit in the company to which he belongs. In short, he becomes a credit to the parents who gave him birth, and to the Army that trained him.

Signs of the Times

On a long-distance hauling truck: "This truck stops for crossroads, railroads, blondes, and brunettes. For redheads it will even back up fifty feet." —*Tide*

Over peaches on a wayside Michigan fruit stand: "You Can Pinch Me When You Own Me." —R. B. Eskil

On an ivory enamel-finished shotgun in a Minneapolis shop window: FOR FORMAL WEDDINGS. —Hy Gardner

In the lobby of a hotel in the Paris Latin Quarter: "Guests of this hotel are invited to make noise after 10 P.M. as little as possible." —*France-Amerique*

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Moral from the Mountains

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

EARLY ONE AUTUMN MORNING, I repaired to a lonely mountain cabin to buy a hound dog from an old friend of mine. My arrival was inauspicious, for I ran head-on into a family quarrel. Yet I would not have missed it for anything!

It appeared that the mountaineer and his wife were having an altercation with their daughter, who at 4 A.M. had returned from a car ride with her beau. The parents' attitude was that such things simply weren't done. The daughter, assuming a lofty air, commiserated with her mother and father on having outmoded ideas, and on being puritanical and old-fashioned. She was suggesting they simply did not know about modern social affairs.

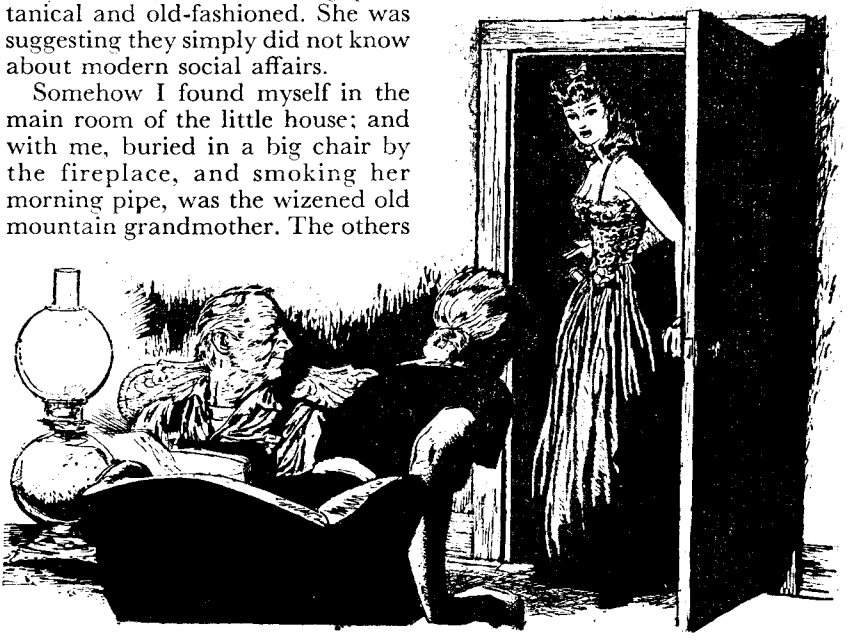
Somehow I found myself in the main room of the little house; and with me, buried in a big chair by the fireplace, and smoking her morning pipe, was the wizened old mountain grandmother. The others had withdrawn to the porch, where the argument was continuing.

I hardly know if the old lady was aware of my presence; at least, what she said appeared to be addressed to the wide world, although it was for the girl's benefit.

"Well, anyhow," she chirped, "I know one thing: virtue can't never go out of fashion."

She was quite cheerful and certain about it, and kept on rocking and smoking, having settled the argument for herself—and, if the truth were really known, for the whole world besides.

ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN GROHE



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"My Friend Irma" Is Not So Dumb

by DWIGHT WHITNEY

There are times when Marie Wilson displays the sagacity of a seasoned horse-trader

FOR THE BETTER PART of 18 years, the dumbest blonde in show business has been a baby-voiced, filmy-eyed movie comedienne named Marie Wilson. Although her name has never been engraved on any bronze tablets, it might well have been. For the Dumb Blonde is as indigenous to the American scene as baseball or the Fourth of July, and Marie Wilson is the archetype of all Dumb Blondes.

Before her career hit a temporary snag in 1940, Marie had established herself as the high priestess of a minor American folk cult. Americans, while not always susceptible to the wise, the clever, and the beautiful, had developed a strong attachment for the ingratiatingly stupid. During the 1930s, the movies abounded with addle-brained females generally identified as "the Marie Wilson type." And Marie herself was reverentially known as "the girl who was so dumb she thought Veronica Lake was a summer resort."

But today, thanks to radio, her beguiling brand of dazed bewilderment has become a potent force in its own right. *My Friend Irma*, in which she plays the Dumb Blonde, is one of the half-dozen most popular shows on the air. As its star and vitalizing force, Marie Wilson finds herself drawing as many listeners as high-powered comedians like Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Edgar Bergen, and Fibber McGee and Molly.

Considering the simplicity of the comic idea she projects, Marie's popularity on the radio is surprising. *My Friend Irma* tirelessly details the tribulations of a strait-laced young white-collar worker named Jane Stacy in coping with her befuddled but well-meaning roommate, Irma Peterson. In her role of Irma, Marie Wilson sets some kind of a record for nonstop inanity. Recently she performed the follow-

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ing simple-minded acts in a single half-hour broadcast:

Knit a pair of gloves and forgot to leave openings for the hands; doubled the total on her boss' income-tax return so "no one would think he wasn't doing well"; suggested that President Truman solve his $42 billion budget problem by firing the White House maid; and assured a friend that Shakespeare's Hamlet was a new kind of breakfast meat.

By ordinary standards, such broad, unsubtle comedy invites monotony when administered in regular weekly doses. However, Marie's 20 million listeners hardly find this to be the case. The *Irma* show went on the air in the spring of 1947 with a low-power Hooper rating of 6.7. Just a year later it had achieved a whopping 21.5.

Operating on a paltry $8,000-a-week budget (about a third of what the competition averages), it has remained between second and fifth position ever since, and is rated the only solidly successful comedy show to crack radio in a decade. Last year, after carefully noting this fact, Hal Wallis Productions undertook to make a movie based on the show. *My Friend Irma* became one of the top-grossing pictures for 1949.

The show's success largely depends on the relationship between Irma and her audience, which is one of the most turbulent yet achieved in radio. Of the 500 letters received weekly, nearly all are concerned with doing something about Irma's deplorable condition. Some listeners fret over Jane Stacy's brusque treatment of her roommate, often demanding that Irma move out of her New York boardinghouse into more sympathetic surroundings. Others protest that what Irma needs is a good psychiatrist, and actually offer to underwrite the cost.

"People like me because I'm dumb," says Marie Wilson in a small voice. "It gives them a good feeling to be smarter than I am."

Some Hollywoodians regard Marie merely as the most incorrigible, irresponsible, adorable nitwit in America. Others are certain that her frothy exterior is a front for a very cool and collected being. Marie couldn't possibly be as dumb as she looks, they maintain. These people are looking for wells of hidden meaning where none exist. For Marie Wilson at base *is* the Dumb Blonde. And that is why she is so successful in the role.

AT 34, THE REAL MARIE is a sentimental, overly generous, childlike waif whose principal pleasure in life apparently derives from either giving or throwing her money away. Her well-developed figure seems about as appropriate as a diamond tiara on a Dead End kid, and gives her the appearance of a glamorous ice-cream cone. She loves animals to a point where she will not enter a hotel or night club which doesn't also extend its hospitality to Mr. Hobbs, her ridiculous wisp of a Yorkshire terrier.

Because she is a known soft touch, she has been the willing target of a small army of promoters. On one famous occasion, a sporty looking gentleman arrived at her front door, offering to sell her a "genuine caracul mink" for $75. Marie said it was sweet of him to think of her, but how could he offer a genuine

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caracul mink at such an absurdly low price?

Quickly taking the measure of his prospect's gullibility, the man whispered, "Confidentially, it's hot," meaning it was stolen goods.

"Oh," replied Marie brightly, "that would never do for me. I want something for *summer*."

Cy Howard, the radio producer who cooked up the original idea for the *Irma* show, has been quick to exploit Marie's charming idiosyncrasies. He now has reached the point where he thinks he could have Irma merely state that she had just purchased a set of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and get a laugh. He admits that many of his best scripts have stemmed from study of Marie's own behavior.

Then he adds, "That's only half-true, of course. Marie in real life couldn't be used for *Irma* plots. Nobody would believe 'em. She's too fantastic!"

MARIE'S BEGINNINGS seem particularly appropriate for a bona-fide Dumb Blonde. Born Katherine Elizabeth Wilson in the town of Anaheim, southeast of Los Angeles, she was brought up in an atmosphere as convivial as it was uninhibited. Her father was a sometime real-estate broker and orange grower who worked at both informally. Her mother was a talkative blonde whose bent little finger made her a natural patrician over a teacup.

When Marie was two, her parents separated. Her mother promptly married a radio repairman who was also an inventor (he invented swim-fins, says Marie). The family, which included Marie's two half-brothers and two stepsisters, lived beside an orange grove. They were paid daily visits by Marie's father, who remained on genial terms with everyone, even though he, too, was married to someone else.

Marie, in turn, visited her father. It was on one of these excursions that she first discovered her dormant powers. In order to get $5 to buy her mother a birthday present, she told him that he had pretty eyes and "nice teeth." Her father, not a handsome man, produced the five-spot immediately.

Marie determined then and there to become an actress. Several other factors, however, contributed to the ultimate realization of this childish desire. One was that she had a trio of aunts in Hollywood whom she visited periodically. The other was the death of her father while she was still very young. He left his money (about $11,000) to Marie, but with a rash stipulation. Instead of waiting until she was 21, Marie was to have the money whenever she wanted it.

Thus, one day in 1932 Marie told her mother, "Mom, I'm ready. Let's go!" So the entire family was packed off to Hollywood. Marie, 15 at the time, then began her assault on the movie citadels. She rented a rambling house, bought a mink coat, a convertible, and a year's supply of canned goods. She then proceeded to make the vain rounds of the casting offices.

After about a month, the $11,000 was gone, and Marie kept herself and her tribe alive by doing movie-extra work. It was 1935 before her career took an upturn, due to her own cunning.

Down the street lived a director

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named Nick Grinde who, Marie noticed, mowed his lawn at a certain time every week. She cleverly arranged for her convertible to run out of gas at precisely the right spot. In the role of damsel-in-distress she was extremely proficient, and Grinde knew a good performance when he saw one. The result was a screen test at M-G-M, followed by a contract.

In 1935, Marie made three pictures, the most significant being *Stars Over Broadway* with Pat O'Brien and James Melton, in which she committed her first professional act of Dumb Blondeness. As the dumb telephone operator in Melton's music-publishing firm, she was asked to dinner by the boss. Audiences howled when she mistook the musical program for the menu.

Thus Marie Wilson became the leading practitioner of an art which was virtually unknown at the time of her birth. The Dumb Blonde was an offshoot of the Flapper Era, and unlike most popular heroines of the day, she had no prototype. As a comedienne who worked by instinct, she had plenty of work to do.

In 1938, her big chance came in the form of the lead opposite Pat O'Brien in *Boy Meets Girl*, a satire on Hollywood. The part of the movie-struck young waitress seemed tailor-made for her talents, and Marie was a resounding hit. Then an alarming thing happened: the Dumb Blonde went out of fashion.

By 1942, Marie's career seemed to be at an end. It was Ken Murray, vaudeville and radio comedian, who came to the rescue. Murray was producing a revue called *Blackouts of 1942* and he needed a leading lady. Marie seemed to fill the bill to perfection.

Her most appealing characteristic, to Murray's way of thinking, was her ample bustline, and it occurred to him that no one had ever exploited this facet of her personality. Sex and naïveté, he reasoned, would make a hilarious combination. Consequently Murray dressed her in black lace underthings and presented her in *Blackouts* as "The Mattress of Ceremonies." Marie's trusting innocence in these matters was such that audiences never questioned the taste of the jokes; they merely screamed with laughter.

Blackouts ran for seven years in Hollywood. By the time CBS caught up with her in 1947, the Dumb Blonde's salary from Murray had risen to $750 a week. When Howard offered to pay her $250 for a weekly radio show, she warned him against it.

"You'll be sorry," she said. "I can't read."

Howard disregarded the warning. Today her sponsor, Pepsodent, pays Marie the not-so-dumb sum of $1,500 a week.

MARIE LIVES a relatively peaceful home life with her mother and husband, a muscular young actor and ex-professional football player named Allan Nixon. But she is still as casual with money as ever, and persists in bombarding friends with gifts. These range all the way from a special kind of copper lamp to enforced trips to the beauty parlor for people she thinks need a "lift."

When Marie is not doing anything else, she usually goes to the movies where she cries profusely when Joan Crawford finds the

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going tough. She likes night clubs because they give her an excuse to dress up. Otherwise she stays home and phones her friends.

Marie is a Christian Scientist who takes vitamin pills by the bushel as well as stuffing them down the throats of unwilling friends. She also has a genius for mixing names. Thus her good friend Gertrude Niesen becomes "Gertrude Lawrence" and Douglas Dick "Douglas Fairbanks." She once topped herself by introducing Seymour Nebenzal, the movie producer, as "Mr. Nembutal."

Marie's portrayal of the Dumb Blonde is almost, but not quite, a 24-hour operation. There are times when, in spite of herself, she exhibits the perspicacity of a horse-trader. One example occurred in 1948 when Hal Wallis announced he would make the *Irma* movie. Betty Hutton was being talked up for the part. Marie hired a press agent to impress Wallis with the desirability of Marie Wilson, and nobody else, in the role. She worked with him lining up fan clubs and other pressure groups to write in, threatening a boycott unless they were given the "original" Irma.

She got the part. Recently she finished the second Irma picture. It is called *My Friend Irma Goes West*, and recounts what happens when Irma mistakenly thinks she has signed a movie contract.

When she wants to, Marie can think as well as anyone. But she learned long ago the wisdom of playing dumb. One of her co-actors on the *Irma* show says of her: "I have been around show business a long time, and Marie makes too many magnificent rejoinders not to be a thinking comedienne."

Marie herself takes a somewhat different view. "Being a Dumb Blonde is profitable and nice. I'll work at it until I'm an old lady. Where will it all end? In the nut-house, I imagine."

Picture Sentences

Our spruce trees are clustered on the lawn, their skirts carefully spread out around them as though they had just seated themselves for a visit.
—Virginia Bushnell (*Farm Journal*)

During the holidays, with children all over the place, the old house seemed to be laughing out loud. —Mrs. Robert Wilkins (*Farm Journal*)

Smoke curled from the chimney lazily this bright, cold morning, as if it, too, hated to get up and go to work. —O. Bailey (*Farm Journal*)

It had been a busy morning, and the housewife came to her door wearing her clothes as if they had been thrown on with a pitchfork.
—Mrs. H. Everett (*Farm Journal*)

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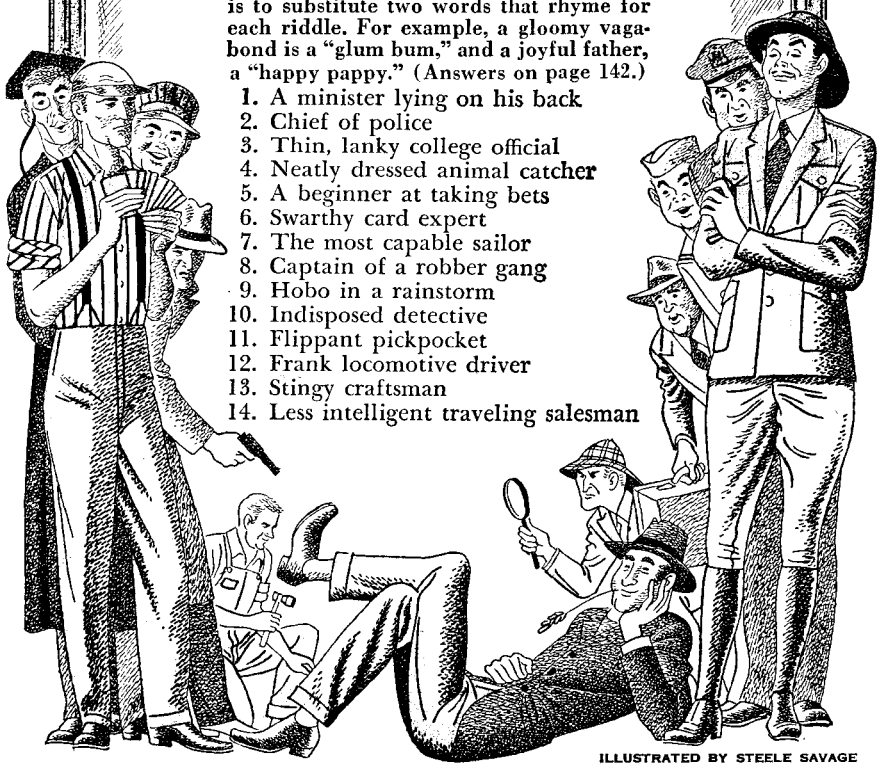
RHYMING RIDDLES

In this month's quiz, match wits with Walter O'Keefe of "Double or Nothing" radio fame (NBC, Mon.-Fri., 10:30 A.M. and 2:00 P.M., EST). Start with an imaginary $2, and your money doubles every time you answer a question correctly. A perfect score will give you $32,768. Listed below are brief descriptions of people. Your job is to substitute two words that rhyme for each riddle. For example, a gloomy vagabond is a "glum bum," and a joyful father, a "happy pappy." (Answers on page 142.)

1. A minister lying on his back
2. Chief of police
3. Thin, lanky college official
4. Neatly dressed animal catcher
5. A beginner at taking bets
6. Swarthy card expert
7. The most capable sailor
8. Captain of a robber gang
9. Hobo in a rainstorm
10. Indisposed detective
11. Flippant pickpocket
12. Frank locomotive driver
13. Stingy craftsman
14. Less intelligent traveling salesman



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BRITAIN'S GREATEST NAVAL BLUNDER

by JAMES H. WINCHESTER

How a series of errors helped to set free three of Germany's mightiest warships

GOOD LUCK and bad weather combined on February 12, 1942, to give the Germans one of their top victories of World War II. On that foggy, rain-studded winter's day, the roar of the mighty British Lion shrank to a purr in the wake of one of the most audacious feats in naval history.

Three of the most powerful units of the German Navy, the 26,000-ton battle cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, together with the 10,000-ton cruiser *Prinz Eugen*, boldly steamed out of the harbor at Brest, France, where they had been bottled up by the RAF for nearly a year. Zigzagging up the English Channel in daylight, they passed through the narrow Strait of Dover in early afternoon, under the very muzzles of British shore batteries, and—next dawn—were safely home in the waters near Helgoland.

It was a solar-plexus punch that left the British reeling. Coming on the heels of the North African and Singapore setbacks, and the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* off Malaya, it came close to upsetting Winston Churchill's wartime government.

The mystery of how the German warships managed to escape in the face of the whole Royal Navy and Air Force revolves around a series of British fumbles—errors which London admitted in a government White Paper published after the war. The Germans, on the other hand, were blessed with almost-miraculous luck. Weather, planning, the fortunes of war—all were riding with the Swastika that day.

The *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* had been chased out of the Atlantic into Brest in early 1941 by British bombers. The *Prinz Eugen* followed three months later. There they remained, the No. 1 target of the RAF. Even

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so, the vessels suffered little damage. Steel mats protected the hulls; their decks were of heaviest armor.

But while they suffered little damage, they were inactive. To get them back into action, Hitler called a hurried meeting of staff officers shortly before Christmas, 1941. Pacing nervously around the long table, Hitler gave his admirals three weeks to draw up plans for a getaway. A daylight escape up the Channel was decided upon.

Main opposition to the plan came from Grand Admiral Erich Raeder, who found it "much too dangerous." He carried his objections to the Fuehrer personally, but Hitler overruled him.

"The British are incapable of carrying out lightning decisions," he said. "Once they discover the ships are missing from Brest, I do not believe they will be as swift as you assume in shifting their bomber and pursuit forces for an attack in the Strait of Dover."

"That is true, *Mein Fuehrer*," Raeder agreed. "But it is still a risk. Is it worth it?"

Hitler emphatically said it was. So Raeder set about personally planning the escape.

Tide and time of daylight determined his choice of February 12 as B (breakout)-Day. Equally important was the air umbrella to cover the ships from dawn until the venture was ended. Messerschmitts, Focke-Wolfes, and Heinkels—250 of them—were assigned to this vital task.

NOW BEGAN A SERIES of inexcusable blunders by the British. *First was the breakdown of the RAF patrols keeping watch on Brest.*

On February 3—two weeks before the breakout occurred—the RAF and Royal Navy were alerted. Aerial photos revealed several new destroyers in Brest, together with mine sweepers and torpedo boats, all necessary escorts for any long-range movement of capital ships. The information was passed along to headquarters.

Shortly after sunset, H.M. submarine *Sealion* moved in from the Channel to make its nightly observations at the entrance to Brest harbor. The skipper's radio report to the Admiralty was terse: "No unusual activities observed."

About 6:30 P.M. on February 11, the crew flying the first night patrol took off from a Cornwall base, breaking out of the overcast above the French coast near Ushant. Just as the pilot was straightening out for the run south to Brest, the plane's radar broke down.

In the darkness the patrol was worthless without radar, so, at 7:40 P.M., the pilot headed back for England. There the crew transferred to another plane, taking off again at 10:38 P.M. It was during this critical three-hour period that the German squadron slipped their moorings in Brest.

Why didn't the British send out a substitute plane to cover during these vital three hours? No explanation has ever been offered.

Even so, the failure of this plane was not in itself fatal. Another patrol, directly to the north, should have caught the ships. But at 7:36 P.M. the radar scanner of this ship also reported his set out of order. Thereupon the craft turned back.

Again, no substitute plane was sent out. And no word was passed

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along to headquarters. Meanwhile, blanketed in mist rolling down from Iceland, the German ships hugged the French coastline as they steamed northward towards the North Sea.

Finally, at 10:10 A.M., a special daylight patrol was ordered by the RAF. But by this time the Germans were probably 12½ hours out of Brest, still undiscovered.

At 10:20 A.M. Squadron Leader Oxspring and Sergeant Beaumont lifted their Spitfires off Hawkinge Airdrome. Thirty minutes later, they were back.

"More ships in the Channel than I've ever seen before!" Oxspring yelled. "About 15 miles west of Le Touquet, headed north. A convoy of 20 to 30 vessels. Destroyer and torpedo-boat escorts."

Then Beaumont dropped the blockbuster. "One of the vessels has a tripod mast." That could mean only a German battleship.

Meanwhile two other Spitfire pilots, flying south of Boulogne on another mission, were fighting two Messerschmitts. Diving into a cloud bank, they broke out a few hundred feet above the gray, whitecapped Channel. The pilots could hardly believe their eyes. There was the German navy—battleships, destroyers, E-boats, and mine sweepers. Overhead, sweeping down for an attack, was a cover of German fighter planes.

The Spitfire pilots fled back to England to report their startling discovery. Twenty minutes later, the Air Ministry sent a message to all Bomber, Fighter, and Coastal Commands:

"*Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* reported in Channel 16 miles west of Le Touquet. Abnormal enemy air activity reported. Maximum available forces to be employed as early as possible to destroy enemy ships and aircraft."

The second British blunder was obsolete and inadequate equipment.

First to move to the attack were two flotillas of motor torpedo boats, stationed at Dover and Ramsgate. Calmly maneuvering his lead boat through a hail of gun and rocket fire, Lieut. Commdr. Pumphrey got within 4,000 yards of the two battleships before he gave his order: "Fire torpedoes!"

It is no criticism of him that the craft didn't score a hit. They tried. A motor torpedo boat just isn't the weapon to stack up against a convoy of battleships and escorts.

Another group of MTB's, from Ramsgate, put to sea at 12:15 P.M. but never found the German ships. They didn't fire a shot.

Even more inadequate were the first planes to reach the scene—six ancient, slow-flying Swordfish torpedo bombers. Sending them against the Germans was like sending a sand-lot football team against Notre Dame. And yet, in a day of gallantry, this bomber squadron, led by Lieut. Commdr. Eugene Esmonde, wrote the most gallant chapter of all.

Promised a cover of 50 Spitfires, they got ten. Even this inadequate number, which engaged the enemy ten miles from Ramsgate, were soon lost in the deepening mist over the Channel. Alone, unescorted, and with their slow speed making them sitting ducks for the German guns, the Swordfish pressed forward. It was sheer suicide.

Wounded and his plane crippled, Esmonde fell into the sea 3,000

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yards from the zigzagging *Scharnhorst*. His pilots pressed on. Staggering, the fabric ripped from their wings, many gunners dead or wounded, the heroic pilots flew straight into an almost-solid wall of fire until they fell—some flaming—into the Channel. Two got their torpedoes away. Others may have—there were no survivors to tell.

The third British blunder was improper armament.

Just as Hitler had predicted, the British were slow to marshal their reserves. By midafternoon, though, they had more than 165 planes over the Channel. But the first bombers sent out carried deep penetration bombs. To be effective, they had to be dropped from high altitudes.

With the 500-foot prevailing ceiling, only a handful of bombardiers ever saw their targets. Those that did were forced to drop their loads from low levels. Few of the bombs even exploded.

Shortly after 3:30 P.M.—*18 hours after the Nazi vessels had left Brest*—word was flashed: "The ships are moving through the Strait!"

Here, in the narrow 20-mile stretch of water separating England from the Continent, the British had their prime chance of the day. From every airfield along the Channel, Hurricanes and Spitfires leaped into the air. Bombers, hastily fueled and loaded, took off. A hundred dogfights developed.

Three squadrons of Beaufort torpedo planes—newer types than the Swordfish—moved up for an all-out try. Two thirds of these were damaged or lost in a three-hour attack, but no definite hits were reported from the 13 torpedoes they launched at close range.

The fourth British blunder was lack of heavy surface ships to strike the German column.

A squadron of cruisers would have made all the difference in the world to the British. But the heaviest thing they had to offer were six ancient destroyers. Under command of Capt. C. T. M. Pizey, aboard the *Campbell*, they moved out of Harwich. Five of them met the Germans—David going after Goliath. His ears glued to the phones, Pizey got the word from radar at 3:15 P.M. "Two contacts at 9½-mile range, sir."

It was the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*.

Pizey passed the order: "Close with the enemy!"

The Germans, with 12-inch batteries and lighter guns, opened up on the destroyers. Huge geysers of water showered the men on the decks of the speeding, bouncing "tin cans." By a miracle there were no direct hits. Pizey held his course and his fire. Closer and closer he sped . . . 4,500 yards . . . 4,000 yards . . . 3,750 yards. Still Pizey held his fire. Finally, at 3,000 yards, he gave the word: "Fire torpedoes!"

The *Worcester* pressed in about half a mile closer. But she paid a price. Enemy shells struck her, and she erupted in a billow of smoke and flame. Badly damaged, she managed to escape and make port.

Coming up from astern, the *Mackay* and the *Whitshed* aimed at the *Prinz Eugen*, firing from two miles away. They missed.

His torpedoes expended, one of his ships afire and night closing in, Pizey fled. He could do no more.

Darkness lowered over the Channel shortly after 5 P.M. The Ger-

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mans were still afloat and fighting. Yet, in the darkness, the British managed to inflict their only telling blows of the day.

Bombers had sown hundreds of mines ahead of the speeding ships. It was the one British operation of the day that went off without a hitch. That night, the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* hit mines, both suffering heavy damage but still able to reach home port.

The English, battered and humiliated, called off their attack. British losses were heavy . . . 17 bombers, 11 torpedo planes, two-score fighters. The Germans lost a total of seven planes.

Next day, a shudder passed over Britain when the public realized what had happened. Questions of "how" rose to an outraged roar. The Air Ministry tried to blame it all on the weather. The press preferred to call it bungling. Even Churchill was forced to make elaborate excuses to Parliament.

Yet, in the final analysis, the British had the last word. On December 27, 1943, the new British dreadnought, *Duke of York*, together with four cruisers and several destroyers, intercepted the *Scharnhorst* off northeast Norway. In a ten-hour running fight, they sent her down, blazing.

The *Gneisenau*, badly damaged by the Channel mines, never fought again. Moved from Kiel to Gdynia, Poland, to escape air attacks, she was scuttled in the harbor in 1945 to keep her from falling into Russian hands. There her superstructure can still be seen today, extending above the murky harbor—a mute reminder to all who see her of one of the most daring escapades of World War II.

Just in Passing

ON A BUS, TWO GIRLS were overheard discussing the art of conversation. "Take 'I'll say' and 'I'll tell the world' away from some people," said one, "and you cut their conversation practically to zero."

To which her companion enthusiastically rejoined, "I hope to tell you! Ain't it the truth!"

—COLUMBUS *Dispatch*

I WAS LOUNGING in a hotel lobby when a couple of salesmen sat down on the sofa across from me.

"Man alive," one commented, "this sure was a swell day for me. I made an awful lot of new friends."

"Yeah, I know," agreed the other glumly, "I didn't sell anything today, either!"

—JOE CREASON

THE TWO LADIES were standing in front of a shoe-store window. "My feet," one was heard to remark, "are size seven."

"You mean your *shoes* are size seven, don't you?" said the other.

"Oh, no," replied the first. "My shoes are size six!"

—*Wall Street Journal*

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HOUSE OF GLAMOUR

Deep in the heart of New York, this building is a modern temple of Venus. Here the high priests of photography transform models into bewitching magazine ad and cover goddesses.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALLACE LEVISON

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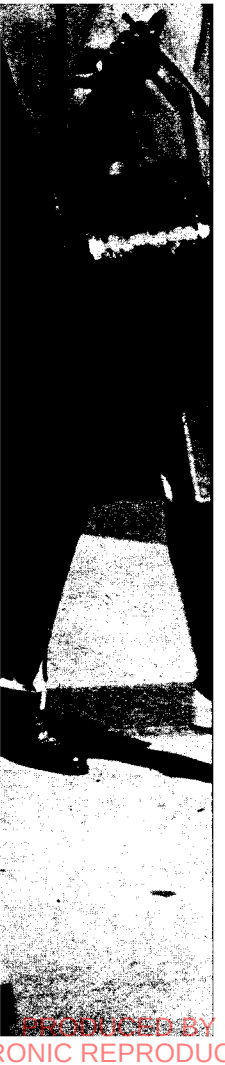

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Agencies are combination clubhouses and clearinghouses, where, between jobs, models visit sociably, study scrapbooks, talk to clients, receive assignments—and turn in 10 per cent of their hourly earnings

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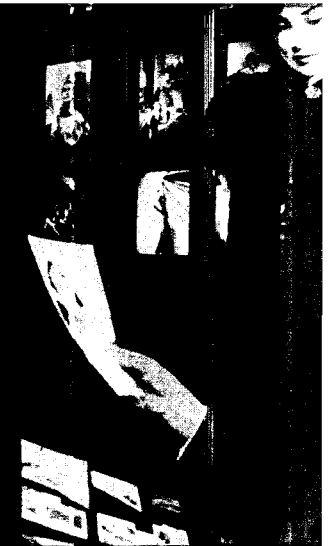

Enid Ainsley, beginnin
shows photographer Geor
her pictures, hopes he'll e

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Even the roof of "480 Lex" is a studio, where cameramen strike poses more antic than their models'.

Posing in fashionable gowns takes a special talent, not to mention a figure like that of Virginia Loock.

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the camera overlooks
the pins behind a dress)
exist, pictorially speaking.

And so, be-brushed and be-pinned,
the model finally poses, a vision of
charm in a hat by John Frederics.

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Modeling aristocrats are those who pose for fashion magazines and ads of famed couturieres. Here is Caroline Wolfort getting ready to be pictured by Jerry Plucer in a Lilly Dache dress and accessories.

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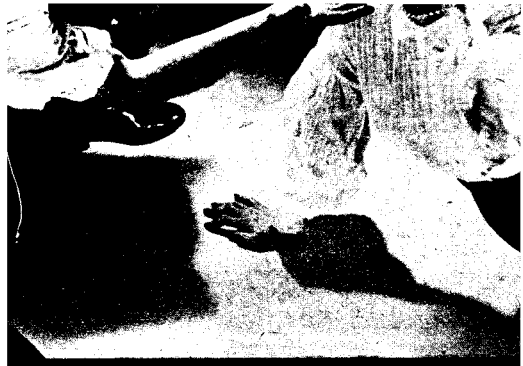

s, the female form has been reproduced in al
et today its varied replicas—ranging from Re
ng photographs of Evelyn Milroy—still mov

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I TOOK A CANCER TEST

by RUTH CARSON

Here is a first-hand story of how *preventive* medicine is fighting a ruthless killer

MY APPOINTMENT was for 2 o'clock of a Monday afternoon, at the Strang Cancer Prevention Clinic, part of New York's famous Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases. Through the glass entrance door of the long, low brick building, I could see the small lobby crowded with people.

They were waiting for the regular, routine examination that doctors urge on all of us, as the best step known today toward the cure and even the prevention of cancer. Doctors know that if all cancers were detected *early*, the rate of absolute cure would rise spectacularly. They know that cancer can even be prevented if certain conditions are detected and treated in time. Hence the name of this clinic —the Cancer *Prevention* Clinic.

Arriving for my appointment, I signed in at the reception desk and took my place with the score or so people who were seated or standing. I was here, like everyone else, for a cancer check-up.

There were about the same number of men as women. Ages ranged from about 30 upward. A few of us, the first-comers, looked inquiringly around. The others seemed used to it. Some of the women had brought their knitting. They were no doubt back for their regular check-up—annual if they were under 40, semiannual if over 40.

No one seemed nervous or anxious. These were an intelligent, healthy-looking lot of people, with probably not a symptom among them. But they knew it was wise to take this positive step. Their calm relaxation was contagious.

Eventually, my name was called and I was ushered into a small office where a woman took my name, address, and business. Another wait in the lobby, then a

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summons to a second small room where a woman technician pricked my finger for a blood test. The two samples would be checked in the laboratory for hemoglobin and red-cell count, that might reveal anemia, and also for signs of leukemia, the dread cancer of the blood.

Now upstairs to a larger lobby where I lined up at the cashier's window to pay my $10. The fee would not pay the cost of the examination I was to have. The rest would be paid from a special fund built by contributions.

Soon my name was called along with half a dozen others. We were corraled by a brisk young woman who led us, men and women, down a long corridor. Here, we knew, was the real thing. We passed a tiny boy on a stretcher, his blue eyes gazing at us, his head covered with bandages. Another stretcher was wheeled into a treatment room.

These patients really had cancer. They were getting X-ray therapy. It was a sobering sight. We all sat down on a long bench, feeling very much in this thing together.

Our names were called in rapid succession for chest X ray. Lung cancer must be caught early. If a patch or spottings show up, further tests are taken.

Back upstairs, I was conducted to a dressing room where I was told to remove all clothes except shoes and stockings, and don a white hospital gown. I waited until a nurse appeared and took another blood sample, this time from my arm. It was, she explained, for a Mazzini test, which is similar to a Wassermann in results but uses a different technique.

Rarely does the clinic discover syphilis in its examinees (you could hardly call us patients). But since some of the peculiar lesions that look like cancer have sometimes been found to be due to syphilis instead, this check is now made to complete the record.

I was next weighed by the same nurse, and a urine specimen was taken for laboratory analysis. If sugar content were found, indicating diabetes, I would be referred to my own doctor for treatment. If a particular type of albumin were found, cancer of the bone would be suspected and bone X rays taken.

Women doctors examine women at the Strang Clinic, men doctors examine men. My pleasant young blonde doctor now took me into a curtained examining room where she took notes on my general health and medical history. It was important for the record that my mother had had cancer of the breast, and so had her mother. Inheritance of cancer is doubtful. But the tendency may be there, and it is something to watch.

AFTER A REGULAR examination of mouth, throat, eyes, ears, thyroid, knee jerks, and blood pressure, the doctor gave me a breast examination. It was a simple matter of gentle manipulation, first while I sat with my arms raised over my head, then while I lay on the table.

She noted a thickening on the right side, which she said would be examined again two or three weeks later, when I was to return for a different but also routine examination. (When I returned, the thickening was diminished, and there was no cause for concern.) The doctor told me that a woman's

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You Can Help Fight Cancer

THE IDEA OF cancer prevention has caught on so fast that in 12 years approximately 300 clinics have opened throughout the country. The first one was started in 1937 by Dr. Elise S. L'Esperance at the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. Its success was so great that in 1940 Dr. L'Esperance was invited to start a second clinic, Strang Clinic at Memorial Center.

To date, it has examined 30,800 men, women, and children. In approximately one of each 100, cancer was found, and the patient was referred immediately to his own physician. When the cancer was found early enough, the rate of cure was remarkable. No wonder the clinic grew rapidly from a borrowed office in the hospital to today's new building of its own, already so crowded that appointments are booked far ahead.

Even 300 centers, however, cannot serve the whole country. More will be opened. But they are not necessary to make the preventive examination available to everyone. *It can be given in your own doctor's office.*

Some doctors will need the cooperation of local hospital or laboratory for X-ray and smear analysis. The American Cancer Society, which now supports 90 per cent of the country's prevention clinics, stands ready to advise and help doctors and communities who want to support the program.

The forces to fight cancer *early*, when the chances of winning are best, are gathering fast. If you insist upon it, they can join the fight wherever you are. You, or your doctor, can write to your state medical society and to the American Cancer Society, 47 Beaver Street, New York 4, N.Y., for information about what to do in your community.

breasts alter so in the course of the month's cycle that the clinic finds it desirable, whenever an unusual condition is found, to have her come in once a week for a month for re-examination.

A lump in a woman's breast is not automatic cause for alarm, but it certainly should be immediately reported to a doctor. If a tumor is suspicious in any way—and only a doctor can know this—the patient will be referred to a surgeon.

The small tumor will be removed and examined by a pathologist while the patient is still on the operating table. If no indication of cancer is found, the breast will be carefully repaired so that there is no disfigurement.

Fifty-two per cent of cancers in women are located in the breast and pelvic areas, where they are easily detected. And a very high percentage of them can be cured—*if they are discovered in time.* Therefore, even if a woman receives no other examinations for cancer, she is making a serious mistake if she does not have regular breast and pelvic check-ups.

The pelvic examination is also simple, and takes only a few minutes. The doctor notes the size, position, and condition of the organs. Any growths, lesions or in-

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flamed conditions are easily seen. Even when these conditions are not cancerous, they are sometimes what the doctors call *precancerous*, and treatment is advised to clear up the condition.

After the manual pelvic examination, a sample or smear is taken in a glass tube. Under the microscope, it will show cast-off cells from the area, and will reveal whether cancer cells are present. This smear technique has done much to increase the chances for absolute cure, by detecting cancer in its early stages. Some of these cases might not otherwise have been found until too late.

If the smear is positive, another is taken for a check. Then a minute piece of tissue is removed for microscopic examination, to locate the exact site of the cancer. There is no need to worry about an unnecessary operation being performed. Such thorough investigation is routine. It can be insisted upon, and so can consultation with other doctors.

My doctor had one more examination to make before she let me go. This was a skin examination, from scalp to toes, looking for any unusual bumps, lesions or darkened areas. She had me remove my shoes and stockings, so she could examine my feet for black moles. Since moles on the feet are subject to irritation, removal is advised.

BY NOW I HAD SPENT more than two hours at the clinic. (Nearly an hour of this was waiting time.) I felt thoroughly checked, inspected, and examined. I had shed my secrets, and my worries too. Laboratory reports were still to come in, but so far I was in the clear. It was a wonderful feeling. Even so, there was one more examination to undergo.

As I left the clinic that afternoon I was given an appointment for two weeks later, to return for what is called a proctoscopic examination of the rectum and lower bowel. I was also handed a small instruction sheet of what to do before coming in. This self-treatment includes a two-ounce dose of castor oil the afternoon before, and an enema that morning.

Once more at the clinic, after giving the cashier $3 for this examination, I donned a white hospital gown and went into a private examining booth. My doctor this time was brunette and sympathetic. She warned me that the examination would give me a cramp in the middle, but would be brief. She was right on both counts.

If any lesions or growths are found, a minute section is taken for examination. Polyps or small growths are considered precancerous, and their removal is advised even when no cancer cells are found. Luckily I had none.

The rectum and lower bowel are common sites for cancer. Fortunately this cancer is preventable if precancerous conditions are found and corrected promptly. Even if cancer has started here, it is definitely curable if caught early. Hence the great value of this examination.

By now the full report on my previous tests was in the doctor's hands. I had no cancer, and no suspicion of cancer. This is what I had hoped to find out. It was a tremendous relief. I would be given an appointment for my next ex-

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amination. Meantime, if any of cancer's danger signals should appear, I must of course report at once to my own doctor.

Most of us know what these signals are. But the doctor reviewed them for me:

Any sore that does not heal. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, tongue or lip. Irregular bleeding or discharge from any body cavity. Change in the color or size of a wart or mole. Persistent indigestion. Persistent hoarseness or cough, or difficulty in swallowing. Any change in normal bowel habits.

The doctor, however, was not yet finished with my report. There was more reassurance to come from this examination than I had realized. The check-up had been so thorough that it had also incidentally revealed I had no tuberculosis, syphilis, heart disease or diabetes.

There was only one hitch. The blood test had revealed slight anemia. The doctor advised me, and her advice was followed up by letter, to see my own doctor.

I was one of many that the clinic refers to their own doctors for treatment of conditions other than cancer. Preventive medicine was at work in my behalf. To the relief of knowing I did not have cancer, or any other critical trouble, was added a feeling of gratitude that a harmful condition was discovered before it had done damage.

It is hard to get up enough gumption and courage to have an examination. But once you've done it, there is no greater feeling of real, constructive accomplishment. I already have a date for my next examination. And I am glad I've started. For a routine cancer check-up is the best insurance against worry that I know.

As Californians See It

A CALIFORNIA TEACHER struggled dramatically to have her class realize the hardships experienced by the New Englanders who first inhabited the East. She carefully explained their lack of proper clothing, their crude homes, their need for more adequate medical care, and concluded, "Therefore, many were to perish the first winter."

With candor, one bright pupil waved his hand to inquire, "Well, why didn't they come to California?" —ETHEL D. HILL

A GEOLOGY PROFESSOR overheard a friendly argument about the attractions of life in Los Angeles. A man from Mason City, Iowa, said he wouldn't like the torrential rains in winter, the bald, brown hills in summer, and the ever-present possibility of an earthquake.

The Californian was instantly a match for this. He said, "Brother, we don't have earthquakes in California. They're just big movements in real estate!"

—MARK HANNA, *Public Speaking Without Fear and Trembling* (*The Macmillan Co.*)

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EARLY IN 1949, the official status of Eliahu Elath, Israel's minister in Washington, changed to that of a full-fledged ambassador. Elath, who for patriotic reasons had just changed his name from Epstein, took the occasion to pay official courtesy calls on the various ambassadors.

At one embassy he was received with special cordiality. But as his host shook hands with him he exclaimed, to Mr. Elath's complete bewilderment: "I'm so glad to meet you, Mr. Elath. I knew your predecessor, Mr. Epstein, quite well. He's a wonderful man, yes, a wonderful man." —PAUL STEINER, *Israel Laughs* (BLOCH)

THEY WERE VERY young, very much in love; and obviously the railroad station was the only place they could find to demonstrate their affection. Whenever a train was due to depart they hurried over to the gate and enjoyed a long and fond embrace, as though one of them was seeing the other off for the last time.

A sympathetic redcap, watching their performance, finally came up to them and suggested: "Why don't you kids go across the square to the bus terminal? One leaves over there every two minutes." —BERTHA SULMAN

"LAST NIGHT I SAID to my wife, 'Let's go for a drive.' In ten minutes she was ready, and we started across the river. Well, do you know what? The car ran off the bridge and sank in the river, but a big dog dived in and rescued us. Then he went up on the highway and barked for help. . . . What are you grinning about? Don't you believe me?"

"Yep—all except that ridiculous part about your wife being ready in ten minutes." —*Gosport*

GRANDMOTHER SIMPSON didn't like changes of any sort, and the dial phone was no exception. "But just what don't you like about it, Grandma?" someone asked.

"Suppose I get the wrong number," replied Grandma. "Who can I blame it on?" —BIRMINGHAM *News*

THOMAS EDISON hated formal dinners, which were always stuffy affairs to him. One night, at a particularly dull gathering, he decided to sneak away and return to his laboratory.

As he was pacing back and forth near the door, waiting for an opportune moment to escape, his host came up to him.

"It certainly is a delight to see you, Mr. Edison," he said. "What are you working on now?"

"My exit," replied the inventor, amazed at his own boldness.

—MILWAUKEE *Journal*

A YOUNG WOMAN of considerable charm was stricken with violent pains which her physician quickly diagnosed as the result of a dangerous appendix. He had another

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COMEDY

emergency call to make, and after spending precious minutes telephoning to the hospital to reserve an operating room, urging the staff to stand by, and ordering the patient to leave for the hospital at once, he hurried off to condense his busy schedule so he could operate within the hour.

When the doctor reached the hospital, he was alarmed to discover that his patient had not arrived. Frantic phone calls established that she had left home in a cab immediately after the doctor's departure.

The physician was beside himself with anxiety and rage when—after another hour—the young woman arrived, pale and drawn, but strangely content. She explained everything quite simply: "I couldn't have an operation until I had my hair done."—*Life Can Be Beautiful*

THE YOUNG MAN waited impatiently for the lady to finish with the drugstore telephone directory. After she had turned page after page he said, "Madame, can I help you find the number you want?"

"Oh, I don't want a number," she replied. "I'm looking for a pretty name for my baby." —*Bell Telephone News*

LITTLE GEORGE'S evening was ending in the usual manner. His mother had ordered him to bed, he had demanded to know why he had to go to bed so early, and she had told him. Turning to his father, he complained, "Pop, women sure are unreasonable!"

Papa watched Mamma out of the corner of his eye, and timidly inquired: "Why, son?"

"Well," explained the youngster, "tonight Mom says, 'George, you are too little to stay up.' Know what she'll say in the morning? She'll say, 'Get up, George—you're too big to stay in bed.' You can't win, Pop!"

THE CUSTOMER at the lunch counter was struggling valiantly with his not-so-choice cube steak. Finally he put down his knife, glared at the design left by the scoring machine, and said to the proprietor: "It's a darned shame to fry a tire that still has this much tread on it!"

—*Wall Street Journal*

DURING WORLD WAR II, a U. S. plane was flying over neutral Switzerland, and a Swiss anti-aircraft battery contacted it by radio. "Look out!" the Swiss operator cautioned the crew. "You are flying over Switzerland."

The American pilot replied that he knew it—and kept going!

The Swiss tried again. "We shall have to shoot unless you turn back."

No answer from the American pilot—nor did he turn back—so the Swiss gunners opened fire.

Immediately the American pilot contacted the Swiss operator. "Your shots are too low," he reported.

To which the Swiss replied briefly, "We know." —EVERETTA HOLMES

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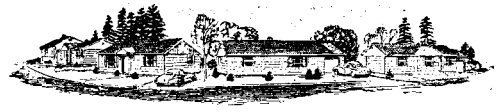
LABOR Finds a Way To Build CHEAP Homes



by MORTON M. HUNT

A rare combination of free enterprise and collectivism has had remarkable results

THE YOUNG COUPLE stood looking hungrily at the brand-new little houses. A burly, smiling man walked over to meet them. "Like to look at our houses?" he asked.

"Sure," said the young man, "but I'm afraid they're too much for our budget . . . Are you the agent?"

"No. I'm Cy Swanson, one of the carpenters on this job. There's no agent in this deal—just us."

"Who's 'us'?"

"The craftsmen," said Swanson. "Carpenters, plumbers, painters, and all the rest. We put our own money into building these houses, and we do our own selling—and mighty reasonable, too."

He led them into the nearest house. When they came out, the husband was scribbling on a scrap of paper. "You said only $7,555?" he asked. Swanson nodded. Then the bride spoke up doubtfully. "Maybe there's a catch to it."

"No catch," Swanson chuckled. "We're not in the real-estate business. We build houses. We don't try for big profits; what we aim to do is keep all our fellows employed all the time."

The craftsmen had bought land, and with their own hands and money had built these 18 houses. They were selling the houses practically at cost, to keep their money moving, and already had another dozen homes under construction.

"Best of all," said Swanson, "we built this house with FHA approval. About all you've got to put up in cash is $1,000."

The houses that carpenter Swanson was selling are a symbol of one of the first new ideas to hit housebuilding in a decade. And possibly they bear a message that dozens of other American "problem industries" can profit by, too. Swanson and his 41 fellow craftsmen, who together make up the firm known as Cooperative Builders, Inc., have licked the problems that plague building—"featherbedding" by

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laborers, frequent layoffs, and the general insecurity that causes conflicts between builders and workmen—by developing a combination of free enterprise and collectivism.

As laborers, they demand of themselves all the benefits that unions have won in the past; as employers, they get from their employees (themselves, of course) nearly twice the amount of finished work that they used to do themselves. Every man in the co-op is a trade unionist—yet every one is also a little capitalist with an investment in the business.

One day in 1948, Seattle papers carried a small ad:

> Are you looking for PERMANENT WORK, TOP UNION WAGES, JOB SECURITY, SHARED EARNINGS? If interested, investigate Cooperative Homebuilders, Inc.

Scores of Seattle craftsmen wrote in, and then came to meetings to find out what it was all about. They were Swedes and Finns, Christians and Jews, Republicans and Democrats—in short, a cross section of American skilled labor.

What they found was a band of half a dozen men who had been key employees in the Dally Construction Company, a Seattle firm which had turned out prefab houses. When the firm shut down, employees got the notion of buying the plant.

After many meetings, some 90 men invested $500 each. Then they found a competent business manager—Bob Goldthwait, a husky "down-Easter" from Maine, with many years of engineering and production experience.

Goldthwait piled his desk with reports and studies—and after plowing through them, decided to talk himself out of a good job. For he could see that prefab factories in the U. S. were having a difficult time and that the men would probably lose their $500 investments if they bought the Dally plant. "And so," he told them, "I'm going to resign if you buy the plant."

"But what else can we do, Bob?" called out one man.

Why not, he said, go into business like any other housebuilder? With pooled money, they could buy land, hire an architect, purchase materials, and themselves be employees. If their plans were approved by the FHA, the co-op would only have to invest about $2,000 per house.

Forty-two of the men approved Goldthwait's project and reorganized themselves into Cooperative Builders, Inc. As president, they elected Larry Cleary, who manufactures signs when he isn't working on houses. Vice-president was Andy Anderson, a machinist turned carpenter. Swanson was made treasurer, and reported they had $27,500.

As his assistant, Goldthwait picked Tom Bevan, who had been a production trouble shooter in the Boeing aircraft plant. Three months later, they told the co-op members to report for work at a five-acre site near Lake Burien, on the city's outskirts. "Pay roll's starting," said Goldthwait, and the men grinned.

Goldthwait had ingeniously designed three basic plans with minor variations, and the 18 houses would all look different. The FHA had approved plans, and loans would be forthcoming as soon as work started. The houses would be one-story, two- or three-bedroom homes with oak floors, cedar sidings, a

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wall-type oil furnace, and a sizable utility room.

Work started on June 1, 1949. Using streamlined methods, the men finished the houses before winter, and all but four were sold within 60 days. Meanwhile, Goldthwait and Bevan reinvested the proceeds in another tract, and set up plans for the next 12 houses.

But the two managers took a gloomy look at their records of man-hours and costs. "We're losing money," said Bevan. "Why?"

"Not enough scheduling," said Goldthwait. "Too much waiting around, too much lost time."

Then he asked the workmen to put a hand-picked crew on the last house of the first group. "Listen, fellows," he told them, "we put in 1,300 man-hours on each of the other 17 houses. Now, let's see what you can do with this last one."

The house took 650 man-hours. And nobody said a word about "speed-up" or "union-busting."

The second group of houses averaged a mere 640 man-hours each. Though the co-op lost $480 per house on the first group, they cleared $600 profit on each in the second.

Today, the co-op is getting ambitious. About six miles east of Seattle is an old farm in the desirable Bellevue area. The co-op has bought part of it, with options on the rest. Here they will build a community of some 253 houses.

Best of all, Congress recently approved a new section to the National Housing Act, permitting individuals to form a nonprofit co-op corporation which can get FHA approved loans to buy houses (and take 40 years to pay). By getting such loans *en masse*, the co-op would have enough money to buy houses from Cooperative Builders, Inc., in large numbers—and Bevan figures the workmen will gladly sell their houses *at wholesale rates* to such groups.

Any church, union, beneficial society, or brotherhood, with 30 or so members who want houses, can form a co-op, approach the co-op builders, and bargain for a mass purchase of homes. All of which, in the housing business, would be a desirable state of affairs.

But then, there is a new idea to account for it. Call it what you will —cooperation, multiple ownership, socialism, modernized capitalism, or just plain old incentive system—it is something that could give a shot in the arm to housing, and to other ailing industries.

Sennett Figures

THE PERFECT figure is almost the perfect hour-glass type, according to Mack Sennett—only today the sand is all in the wrong end!

—FRANK RAY

WHEN SOMEONE remarked that Jane Russell's success was due to her having a big studio behind her, Mack Sennett said, "Son, it isn't what Miss Russell has behind her!"

—HERB STEIN

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Magic Island of the Caribbean

by RICHARD JOSEPH

The 20th century is just catching up with Haiti, exotic land of age-old mystery

IN THIS AGE of air travel, a plane-load of people can take off from New York's LaGuardia Field and, in 11 hours, land in another world, in a different century. The world is a place of medieval mystery and magic—Haiti—and the spell it casts on tourists today is no more than a continuation of the sorcery it has woven about visitors since the first voyage of Columbus.

Its capital, Port-au-Prince, is probably the strangest capital on earth. Today, in an era of speed, the farm women of Haiti still walk miles down the mountains to the Port-au-Prince market, carrying on their heads 50-pound baskets of vegetables or squawking fowls. They spend the day selling their wares, then begin the all-night march back to their hillside farms.

Most of the citizens of this first Negro republic in the world, and second independent nation in the Americas, are of pure African origin. But in the cities and in beautiful country homes, you will meet handsome, light-skinned men and lovely women, descended from the union of French overseers and their Negro slaves, and you will hear the accents of the finest universities and finishing schools of France.

Africa is all around you in the hills and valleys of rural Haiti, where the thatched houses are built exactly as they are on the Dark Continent, and the descendants of a score of African tribes formed a

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common tongue by using the words of France in the grammatical mold of Africa. This is Creole, the speech of the common man in Haiti.

Above all, you feel the mystery and power of Haiti in the drums, which carry the commonplace message of work when they call the peasants to a *combite*—where neighbors work together to clear a field for planting. On Saturday nights they pound out a beat of pleasure and enjoyment—music for the African dances which are a principal reward to the Haitian peasant for his work in the terraced fields along the mountainsides.

Occasionally, though, the drums sound a deeper note, and the hills resound with the rhythms of voodoo. Then their throbbing is heavy with mystery and, to the ears of strangers, menace. For the Haitian, however, the drums speak of ancient gods which still play a fundamental role in his life. Their presence—together with their good will—is necessary in a land where men cursed by voodoo priestesses still sicken and die, and where women still are charmed by love potions flung into their eyes by men who wish to carry them off to the hills.

These are some of the things you can discover for yourself in Haiti. But you may have to move fairly promptly, because the 20th century, long overdue here, is beginning to arrive, speeded by the current Bicentennial Exposition designed to draw tourists to the island.

EVEN THOUGH much of Haiti is as remote in its mood and atmosphere as the mountain fastnesses of Tibet, it is one of the easiest places outside the U. S. to reach. Four flying hours from Miami, or 11 hours by plane from New York, or a few days on a cruise ship—and you are there.

Once on the island, you will find that its magic extends to such mundane matters as a visitor's budget. Here, you can live like a millionaire for $50 a week.

For $125 a month, for example, you can rent a 12-room house with a private swimming pool. The food bill for a household of six people, eating steaks, chicken, and ham, will be about $30 a month.

You can hire seven servants (cook, full-time seamstress, butler, personal maid, and yardboys—general handymen) for a total of $40 a month in wages!

These living costs are reflected in comparatively low prices for the visitor, who can stay at a modern hotel for $7 a day and up, including meals; play tennis or golf all day for about three *gourdes* (60 cents), hire a fully rigged fishing boat for a party of four for as little as $3 per person a day. A movie is 40 cents, and a night at the Cabane Choucoune, Haiti's finest night club, adds up to little more than $10 a couple.

The Haitian Air Force will fly you from Port-au-Prince to Cap Haitien for $15 a round trip. Here you take an hour's car ride, then board a horse for a four-and-a-half-mile climb through a mountain pass to one of the authentic wonders of the world. Looming above is La Citadelle, the great fortress built by Emperor Henri Christophe to withstand an attack which never came.

Henri Christophe, a Negro servant who became a general in the revolutionary armies which over-

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threw the French, was elected President, then declared himself Emperor. Fearing a return of Napoleon's forces, Christophe set about constructing a fortress strong enough to withstand any possible assault. He chose a site high in the mountains and put his subjects to work. Men, women, and children quarried stone, cut timber, dragged cannon up the tortuous trails. Thousands died along the way.

Finally the citadel, with walls ten feet thick, was completed. Christophe stocked it with stores and arms to withstand a year's siege, and waited. Nothing happened, for the French did not return.

Paralysis attacked the Emperor, and when he could no longer mount his horse to review his troops, he fired a golden bullet into his brain.

DeWitt Peters, a New York artist, discovered a Haitian of a different stamp a few years ago. In Port-au-Prince, he passed a bar whose swinging doors were magnificently decorated with bold scenes of Haitian life, portrayed in ordinary housepaint. Peters learned that the artist, an old man named Hector Hyppolite, had never earned more than about $20 a year in his life, was too poor to afford a paintbrush, and so laid on his colors with chicken feathers or his bare hands. As a result of Peters' meeting with Hyppolite, Haitian primitive art is enjoying a renaissance all over America and Europe.

Weather on the Island is a matter of altitude, not season. Annual mean temperature at Port-au-Prince, at seaside, is 78, with a maximum daily range of 20 degrees. It is always warm enough for swimming at sea level, and nights in the mountains are always cool enough for sleeping under a blanket.

Haiti today is standing at a crossroads, for the 20th century has caught up with it at last. Under progressive leadership, a program of cattle and crop improvement, construction of model villages, slum clearance, irrigation, and soil conservation is under way.

This year the Haitian government launched a most ambitious project—a two-year program to eradicate syphilis and yaws, a related nonvenereal disease, from the entire nation. With the assistance of $320,000 from the UN Children's Emergency Fund, control points are being set up throughout Haiti's 10,700 square miles.

While the government conducts such medical and economic reforms, much of Haiti's hope for freedom from poverty lies in the development of its tourist industry. This year, as in every year since the war, the number of visitors has increased sharply. Whether they come by plane or ship, they are discovering that Haiti, the land of medieval mystery, is also a place where modern living may be enjoyed for a fraction of the cost back home.

The Face Is Familiar

The only important change on the face of Europe is —the mustache is bigger!

—Jack Lait

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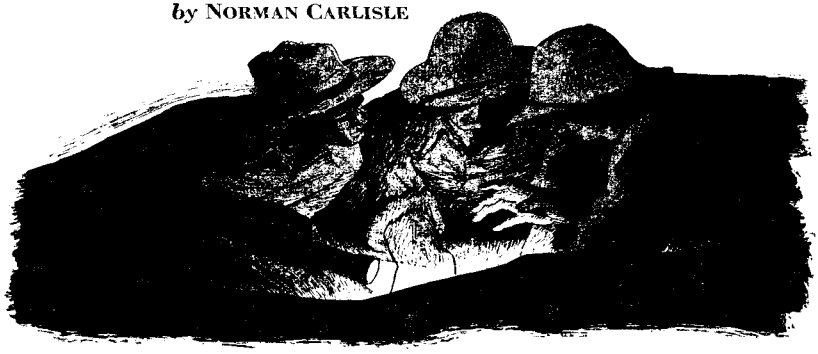
WHERE DID MAN COME FROM?

by NORMAN CARLISLE



Science is finding astonishing new clues that may solve the mystery of our past

ALL OVER THE WORLD, scientists are engaged in a treasure hunt for secrets about man's past, long locked in the earth. When did he first appear on this planet? Where did the first civilization start? How long has man lived in America? Did Europeans reach our continent before Columbus?

The answers the scientists are finding are going to call for some astonishing changes in our picture of the past. The most jolting revelation of all about man's origins comes from South Africa, where a startling series of discoveries has excited the world of science and created an abrupt about-face in our thinking about human ancestry.

"In effect," says a famed anthropologist, Dr. Wilton Krogman of the University of Pennsylvania, "they have emancipated man from a presumed simian ancestry. 'Family tree' may be a misnomer. Perhaps we were never brachiators, *i.e.*, swingers-through-trees-by-our-arms. It is entirely possible that for millions of years we have walked erect, striding head up toward our destiny."

The background for this dramatic pronouncement began years ago when Dr. Raymond Dart, professor of anatomy at the University of Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, was watching digging operations in an old limestone quarry. Suddenly the workers came upon the cast of a skull of unusual and unfamiliar shape. A little later, they found the front half of the skull itself, and some of the teeth.

Dart regarded it with astonishment, for it was like no skull he had ever seen. It was apelike, but the teeth looked human. Could this be evidence of a new race of

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man-ape? Dart dismissed the idea. After all, skulls and teeth of very young human beings are more like those of the anthropoids, and this particular skull was that of a six-year-old child.

Then Dr. Robert Broom, chief paleontologist at the Transvaal Museum in Pretoria, stumbled on a new clue. One day the manager of a quarry at Sterkfontein handed Broom a skull.

"I got it from a schoolboy named Gert Terblanche," he explained. "Lives out on a farm."

Broom promptly rushed to the farm, where he found the boy's mother and sister.

"Gert has some teeth he picked up, too," the sister said.

That was enough to send Broom hurrying to the schoolyard, where he found Gert playing.

"Could I see the teeth you found?" Broom asked.

The boy fished in his pocket and brought forth what the scientist described afterwards as "four of the most beautiful fossil teeth ever found in world history."

Later discoveries filled in more of the picture for the scientists. Broom picked up bones indicating that these primitive beings had walked upright. He found a fossilized thumb, showing that they had possessed the ability to hold tools and weapons.

From charred remains, Dr. Dart has concluded that a race of South African pygmy humans, like those discovered by Broom, actually used fire 500,000 years earlier than science has always believed.

So here they were, these Dawn Men who walked the earth a million years ago. Not brilliant, not beautiful, they nevertheless were *men*, not apes. Now science must undertake the task of rewriting man's prehistory to give new dignity to our remote ancestors.

SOME OF THE most eager searching into the past is taking place on our own continent as scientists try to piece together the story of the first Americans. One amazing discovery occurred because young Dr. Louis Giddings, archeologist from the University of Alaska, listened to the legends of present-day inhabitants.

While digging in a lonely spot near the Seward Peninsula, he found some tiny chipped stones. Eskimos watching him nodded wisely and informed him, "They were made by the Dwarf, the small one who lived long ago."

With a growing sense of excitement, the archeologist followed the natives to a spot on Norton Bay where, they claimed, this ancient Dwarf Man had lived. Giddings' spade bit deeper and deeper into the hard soil, but he found nothing. He was almost ready to give up, but the insistence of the Eskimos made him keep on. Then suddenly before him was a whole collection of the tiny chipped flints.

For Giddings, it was a big moment. He knew that the arrowheads were very ancient. Later, he announced that they were at least 20,000 years old. Giddings' discovery filled in another blank page in the history of early mankind in America, and strongly supports the theory that our Indians originally came from Asia.

Dr. Helmut de Terra, a scientist whose work is supported by

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the Viking Fund, heard of strange discoveries in Mexico that sent him on a curious quest. When a new bullring was being constructed at Tepexpan, an engineer named Dr. A. V. R. Arellano found some huge bones which were afterwards identified as belonging to the elephantlike mammoth of some 10,000 to 15,000 years ago.

If there were mammoths here—which meant there was good hunting—were there also men? De Terra believed there might have been, though no trace of inhabitants had ever been found there from the period of the mammoths.

De Terra uncovered a clue that spurred him on when he discovered a child's toy, a chameleon made of clay, still clutched in a tiny hand. But at that spot, there were no other evidences that human beings had existed there.

The prospect of finding any looked slim. Spread out before De Terra was an expanse of land that had once been a prehistoric lake. A good place for men to have camped, but where was the shore? It would be hard to find, for this land had been cultivated for a thousand years.

Still, De Terra's patient searching finally revealed a thin white line of pebbles. Geologists agreed that this had indeed been the edge of the lake. But that was only a start. Obviously, he couldn't go digging around the circumference of that entire 3,000,000-square-yard plain.

With the assistance of Dr. Hans Lundberg, famous Canadian geophysicist, De Terra obtained an electrical sounding device used by prospectors. An electric current, sent into the ground, delivered a signal to earphones. A change in the signal meant the electrical potential had been changed by some substance buried in the ground.

Day after day, De Terra and his assistants plodded back and forth. Finally the scientist heard what he had been waiting for. He and his workmen started to dig. The first hole yielded nothing. De Terra dug again. Still nothing. A third pit—and this time there was one small bone. Not much, but it was a human bone!

Darkness stopped the work, but the following day the carefully wielded shovel revealed a human skull. For the first time, remnants of Stone Age man had been found in Mexico, providing another link in the chain of evidence that men were widely scattered over our continent 15,000 years ago.

WHEN BONES, pottery or other remnants of the past are found, the big question always is, "How old?" Scientists have many ways of getting the answer, but up to now none of them has been absolutely certain.

Consider, for instance, the bitter controversy about the remains of the Piltdown Man, a primitive human whose bones were found in a gravel pit in Sussex, England. By all usual methods of judging age, the jawbone seemed to be half a million years old, the skull only 50,000 years old.

That stumped the experts for 40 years. Then, a year ago, chemists came to the rescue. They discovered that bones lying in the earth acquire the element fluorine—the older they are, the more fluorine.

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Studying the bones of the Piltdown Man, they found that both the jaw and skull had exactly the same amount of fluorine. They were both 50,000 years old.

Now anthropologists are eagerly waiting for the chemists to go to work on other puzzlers in the prehistoric timetable.

Meanwhile, at the University of Chicago, Dr. Willard F. Libby has stumbled on an amazing new way of determining the age of wood, charcoal, shells, and many other substances by using a specially developed Geiger counter to determine the amount of radioactive carbon they contain. When Libby told archeologists of his discovery, they set up a series of tests, applying Libby's method to substances whose ages were definitely known.

Libby applied the Geiger counter to a redwood tree.

"Cut in 1874," he announced, which was exactly right.

He tried it on a piece of wood from the floor of an ancient Assyrian palace, and he hit that correctly, too, with the information that the wood was put in the building in 625 B.C. Samples from the tombs of Egyptian kings, he said, were 4,600 years old. Again, the archeologists pronounced him right.

RECENT DISCOVERIES may call for a rewriting of textbooks regarding who discovered America and when. For Columbus, it turns out, was a latecomer to the New World. Just how late may depend upon the astounding story of the Kensington Rune Stone, a story which began many years ago but has just reached its climax.

Fifty-two years ago, Olof Ohman, a farmer living near Kensington, Minnesota, found a stone which bore a puzzling inscription. Though it weighed 200 pounds, Ohman managed to tug it loose from where it was entangled in the roots of a tree.

When Prof. O. J. Breda of the University of Minnesota examined the inscription, his reaction was incredulous amazement. Here, in the curious Norse characters known as runes, was a fantastic message. With obvious gaps filled in, it read:

> We are eight Goths and 22 Norwegians on an exploration journey from Vineland, through the west. We had a camp by a lake with 2 skerries (islands) one day's journey north from this stone.
>
> We were out and fished one day. After we came home we found ten of our men red with blood and dead. AVM. Save us from evil.
>
> We have ten of our party by the sea to look after our ships 14 days journey from this island. Year 1362.

Swedes and Norwegians in Minnesota—*130 years* before Columbus landed! Scarcely able to believe his own transcription, Breda submitted the stone to experts at Northwestern University. After examining it, they announced the inscription was not genuine, that the stone must be a fraud—someone's warped idea of a joke. Reluctantly, Breda agreed.

There were many reasons to support this view. The stone had been found at a spot where there was no lake. The language on it was a curious hodgepodge of Norwegian, Latin, and other tongues. And anyway, the Norwegians and Swedes had been enemies at that time and hardly would have been

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on an expedition together. The stone was shipped back to Ohman, who decided it would make a good doorstep for his barn. So there it lay in the Minnesota mud.

But it was not forgotten. In Wisconsin, a Norse scholar, Hjalmar Holand, began to track down clues and eventually came upon a startling one. Medieval court records revealed that, in 1354, Magnus Erickson, King of Norway and Sweden, had sent out an expedition to search for some of his subjects who had disappeared from the colony of Greenland into the wilderness of North America.

That was one striking piece of evidence, because it checked perfectly with the date; it would have taken Paul Knutson, the man in charge of the expedition, just about eight years to have reached the remote spot in Minnesota where the rune stone was found.

Now the geologists had a word to say about that spot. It had once been an island, they asserted; and on a lake with two skerries, or rocky islands, just the right distance away, rocks were found which contained holes exactly like those made by Vikings to hold ropes from their boats. Near one of the rocks on the island, a searcher picked up a 14th-century Norwegian fire steel.

Furthermore, on the Nelson River in Canada, along a route which Knutson and his men might well have followed on their journey to Minnesota, archeologists picked up three Norse battle-axes, a spearhead, and another fire steel. Moreover, scholars now determined, the mixture of writing on the stone was what men of that period and background would have used.

Happily, when he placed the stone, Ohman had set it with the inscription down. When it was hastily retrieved by the archeologists, it was undamaged. Today, it is on display at the Smithsonian Institution, acclaimed as probably the most important archeological object ever found in North America.

Take the Witness

A MILWAUKEE WOMAN, in testifying that she was not speeding, told the judge: "I don't have to watch the speedometer, I can just feel how fast my car is going."

"And I can just feel you can't," replied the judge, banging his gavel and fining her $10. —MILWAUKEE *Journal*

AN ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY was questioning an obstinate witness who, in replying, insisted on addressing all his answers directly back at the attorney.

"Witness, speak to the jury!" the judge ordered testily.

The man turned, looked the jury over, nodded affably, and said, "Howdy." —ANTHONY J. PETTITO

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How I'd Stop the March of STALIN

by HENRY A. WALLACE

For many years, Henry A. Wallace has been one of the most controversial figures in American political life. He was Vice-President of the United States during the crucial war years. But for a hairbreadth political shift at the Democratic Convention in 1944, which nominated Harry Truman instead of renominating him, Wallace would have become President of the United States. Three years ago, he became the dominant figure of the Progressive Party, which has been accused of being communist controlled. Wallace stood out as the "best friend" Russia had in the United States. After the Red aggression in South Korea, Wallace broke with the Progressive Party. Without endorsing his views, CORONET believes it of timely significance to print Wallace's reasons for drastically changing his position. —THE EDITORS.

A MONTH AFTER I made my statement on Korea and parted with the Progressive Party a Roman Catholic priest wrote:

"While I must confess I looked with suspicion on some of your associates, I have never doubted your sincerity of purpose in quest of peace. Once upon a time I had hoped you might even be sent to Russia to explore any possible avenue of understanding. Nothing save the direct intervention of Divine Providence can save us from another war."

Like the priest, I have a profound faith in Divine Providence. I am sure he will agree with me, however, when I say that Providence never does all the work. It merely provides the opportunities which we must utilize.

Events now move with supersonic speed, and all of us must be prepared to change our attitudes with the changing political landscape. There is only one firm, guiding star for all of us, and that is peace, full employment, a rising standard of living for all people, and a maximum of freedom for all who are willing to steer by this star regardless of race or creed.

I left the Progressive Party on August 8 because I felt I could best serve the cause of peace outside the Party. Obviously, I could not lead leaders who disagreed with me, as fully 90 per cent of them did, on the Korean war.

I said, "When my country is at war and the U.N. sanctions that war, I am on the side of my country and the U.N.," and I received a flood of mail from the extremists. Many of them accused me of being like Stephen Decatur and quoted only that part of his toast which goes,

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"Our country, right or wrong." The full toast was, "Our country: in her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." It was as though Decatur in so saying had been a traitor to all that was holy in the world. These same people, I reflected, had probably followed the Kremlin "right or wrong" at the time of the Hitler pact.

My concern has always been with the security of our own country.

TODAY WE ARE preparing to increase our military expenditures to 50 times what they were in 1938, to nearly four times what they were in 1946.

The Russians knew this when they allowed the North Koreans to launch their formidable attack across the 38th parallel. They knew what a really heavy armament program would do to American capitalism. The North Koreans were mere pawns on a four-dimensional chessboard which covered the whole world, the air above, the seas beneath, and the future for the next 50 years. The stake is the survival of capitalism and the sympathy of the billion people of Asia.

In this extraordinary fight launched by Russia, my supreme concern is with the survival of the U.S. as a democratic power with the principle of free initiative left to the farmer, the worker, and the businessman. I want the U.S. to enjoy an ever-increasing trade with China and India and eventually with Russia and all the Iron Curtain countries.

If the underdeveloped and overcrowded areas of the world were given *real* assistance through the U.N. and not directly by the U.S., a volume of trade would be created which would make the rapid world growth in the 19th century seem small indeed. Even with heavy taxes and with the U.S. contributing more than half the cost of the program, the profits of American business would be fabulous.

Make no mistake about it, the common man will march under the banner of Russian communism to his own ultimate disillusionment if we cannot move with great economic power to serve suffering humanity, not dominate it.

The communist program of land reform is rapid and brutal, but it does temporarily gain the allegiance of the landless and dispossessed. Then the state charges as much rent as did the landlord, sometimes more. If the new owners of the land do not like it, they have no recourse, because revolution isn't possible under a communist regime after it is well seated and controlled by natives trained in Moscow.

The real test will come when we win in Korea.

We must have a positive program of serving the united Korean people through the U.N. An election should be held under absolutely neutral supervision—such as might be furnished, for example, by Nehru's India. There must be no fear of later reprisal by either communists or reactionaries. Put all Korea under U.N. trusteeship until such danger is past.

Eventually Russia and the New China should be given the opportunity to serve on the U.N. Commission to Korea. Thus the New Korea can be made into a living symbol of what a United World

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can do for the common man. *If Russia and the New China will not serve in good faith on a commission whose prime object is to help the Korean people regardless of ideologies or power politics, then the time has come to divide the world in two and revamp the U.N. accordingly.*

I sincerely hope that that time has not come, and that the Russians will come to their senses. But Russian behavior is now such that we must prepare rapidly for ultimates. The time of the really big shooting war has not yet come, but we must be ready if it does come. Far more important, we must be even more ready to go all out for a peace program which will meet the legitimate demands for security of Russia, Britain, France, the U.S., the New China, and India. These are the big six in the world which is now coming into being. To reconcile their peacetime demands for security at a cost which is less than total mobilization for war is the supreme test of constructive statesmanship.

I do not believe in any system or nation dominating the world. But I have never had any question, if matters were pushed to a showdown, that I would be on the side of the U.S. and the capitalist system. I simply did not believe in pushing things to a showdown. Up until 1948 I thought Russia's needs were such that it was possible to arrive at a binding, peaceful understanding at a cost far less than a shooting war. *Since 1949 I have begun to think that Russia wants the cold war and may perhaps want a shooting war as soon as she is ready.* I first became convinced of this by reports of friends who had visited in Czechoslovakia during 1949.

The mounting terror among the people, the businessmen and farmers in the satellite countries disturbed me greatly. Russia was taking no chances. No one could amount to anything in Czechoslovakia who was not outspoken in criticism of the U.S. and capitalism. Only Moscow-trained communists were allowed in positions of authority. The native communists were eased out as quickly as possible. Not all were liquidated, but their life was made hard. This convinced me that Russia was getting ready for world upheaval.

I told the members of the Executive Committee of the Progressive Party how I felt about Czechoslovakia and Russia's desire to continue the cold war. Also, I took issue with their hell-raising even if the hell-raising were for a good cause. I thought some of their picketing might stand out in the eyes of history in the same light as the picketing of the White House in 1940 by various peace organizations which at that time seemed to front simultaneously for Hitler and Stalin. Instead of hell-raising I repeatedly urged on them a program of backing a stronger U.N., expanding world trade regardless of iron curtains, and progressive capitalism for the U.S.

The socialists did not like my doctrine of progressive capitalism which I defined as that reconciliation between fundamental American democracy and modern technology which will make possible continuous full employment and expanding production without government ownership of all the means of production.

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Feeling as I did about progressive capitalism, Russia's desire to continue the cold war, and the situation in Czechoslovakia, it is not surprising that the North Korean aggression brought a showdown between me and the party leaders.

For months I preached to Progressive Party people that the party would get nowhere unless it showed by both its actions and personnel that it was not dominated from abroad. I urged that those who had been accused of being communists before the House Committee on Un-American Activities go to Washington and testify in their own behalf. I had never believed in purges, but I knew that either those who followed the Russian line on every occasion, or I, would have to get out. I presented my viewpoint repeatedly and did not get out until North Korean aggression proved conclusively that the other side couldn't and wouldn't change.

BOTH THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY leaders and I were keenly aware of the danger of getting into war with the New China. Where we split was with regard to Formosa. I thought the U.S. action on Formosa reduced the likelihood of war with China because it prevented Chiang from raiding the mainland and the communists from attacking Formosa. For the time being Formosa was neutralized.

Regardless of treaties, I hoped, in view of the changed world picture, that Formosa would come under the U.N. trusteeship. I am sure the people of Formosa would be happier under such trusteeship than under either Kuomintang or communist rule.

The future safety of the U.S. and the world demands that China not be a satellite of Russia. To that end we should make every effort to cultivate the New China. The vast majority of the Chinese people know nothing about communism; if the Russian brand is applied, they will fight it because they are small farm people first, last, and all the time.

In the final settlement on Korea, the U.N. should be careful to consult the New China. Korea has the same importance for China that Poland has for Russia—it is the open door to invasion. *But if the New China is to be consulted, she must show a genuine desire to live at peace with the U.S. and the Western world.*

The MacArthur principle of having strong American bases at the very front door of the Russian-Chinese ports all the way from the Philippines north is purely military, and short-time military, at that. If we had only the Pacific to think about we might be able to do the job MacArthur wants.

But our "aggressive, resolute, and dynamic leadership" in Asia is compelled to take into account the diplomatic problem of establishing just that same kind of leadership in Western Europe. If the U.S., Britain, and France threw all their surplus strength into impressing the Orient with their aggressive leadership, there is every probability that at that very moment Russia would be impressing Germany with *her* aggressive leadership.

Today the nation which was the most powerful in the world in 1946 finds herself suddenly in the most dangerous position of her entire history.

The root of the trouble is that we

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in the U.S. are blessed far beyond all other people. Even if there were no communism and no aggressive, skillfully led Russia, the problem would still exist. The only way out is for the U.S. to help other people to help themselves, not with a pitiably small Point 4 program but with something on the order of Senator McMahon's program, totaling more than 50 billion dollars over a 10-year period.

When we contemplate the cost of Korean war and Korean rehabilitation, we realize how small would be the expenditure of 50 billion dollars for plows, tractors, fertilizer factories, cement plants, roads, and hospitals, provided only that the expenditure brought good will and peace to the areas now being torn by power politics. We should put all plans of this sort, including the Marshall Plan, in the U.N. to be administered for the sake of the people, and not to help any ideology or balance-of-power concept.

Of course, if Russia wants a shooting war to hasten the death of capitalism, we in the U.S. have no recourse but to use the Marshall Plan in the spirit we have been using it. As yet I am not willing to admit that Russia wants a shooting war. But I may be mistaken just as I was a year ago when I thought Russia had more sense than to impose Moscow-trained communists on Czechoslovakia, a country with Western traditions.

Three months ago I would not have believed Russia would have committed the unutterable folly of so carefully training and arming the North Koreans for aggression against the U.N. I was sure she wanted peace because that was to her interest. Now I realize that we made a mistake in withdrawing our troops from Korea.

If we withdraw our troops from Germany and Japan, we have no assurance whatever that carefully trained communist troops will not move in. This is especially true of Germany, where Russia is preparing the same kind of setup as she did in Korea. Western Germany should have enough troops to protect herself effectively against Eastern German invaders when the occupying French, British, and American troops move out.

It should be obvious to anyone that we must not give the West Germans planes or permit enough of an army or arms industry to menace France.

In the late '30s when the Hitler menace was rising, I as Secretary of Agriculture was strong for preparedness. I built the ever-normal granary and arranged for the trade of enough cotton for rubber to make 19 million tires. In the early '40s, before we got into the war, I pushed steadily as Vice-President, Chairman of SPAB, and Chairman of the BEW, for maximum preparedness. Today, as a private citizen, I again advocate preparedness, but this time our security cannot consist merely in spending 50 billion dollars every year on airplanes, tanks, guns, ships, and all the rest.

In spite of all Russia's mistakes and belligerent attitude during the past year, I hope it is still possible for the U.S. to make one last effort to get agreement on a world program which will take care of all the essential security needs of the U.S.,

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Britain, France, the New China, Russia, and India.

With Stalin believing that capitalism inevitably destroys itself and with us believing that communism will certainly disillusion the people with its failure to produce freedom and a decent standard of living, it would seem that both sides might well adjourn their appeal to arms and let history settle the argument by the process of daily living.

Stalin should understand the enormous capacity of the American industrial machine to produce war materiel without economic hardship to the workers. *Fifty billion dollars of war goods annually will take only one-fifth of our total output of goods. With the remaining four-fifths, our workers can still enjoy a standard of living fully five times as high as the Soviet workers'.*

Our capitalistic system may be shaken by the impact of heavy taxes, by inflation, or by rigid government controls of prices and commodity allocation, but there is no question about our capacity to keep it up.

Russia's actions of the past year have not made friends among the American workers, and there is no question about the willingness and ability of American workers to produce vast quantities of war materials, if the government gives the word.

The American Congress, now that it knows the tremendous cost of fighting the cold war, should be willing to consider a comparable investment in peace as an alternative. I still say that the only road to peace is a really big Point 4 program applied through the U.N. for the purpose of strengthening the U.N., expanding world trade regardless of iron curtains, and perfecting progressive capitalism in the U.S. There is nothing in such a program which is a threat to Russia provided she wants to serve the needs of the common man. *But if Russia's purpose is to clamp an ironclad, communistic control on more and more nations, then it is obvious that we must prepare at once to fight because in such case the Stalin menace will be greater than the Hitler menace ever was.*

The initiative is now Russia's as it was Hitler's in 1938.

For the sake of his own people and the world, I pray that Stalin may see the light which Hitler failed to see.

Dubious Directive

ONE OF THOSE overly dignified, pouter-pigeon type dowagers brought a defective toaster to her neighborhood repair-shop. After examination, the fix-it man told her: "You've got a short circuit here, ma'am." "Then lengthen it for me, please," the lady instructed him crisply.

—FRANK FORD

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Tallest of all mammals, giraffes inhabit the country south of the Sahara. Despite their ungainly appearance, they can gallop along at about 30 miles an hour.

Aerial photos have yielded new information about animal habits. This one of striped zebras at Victoria Falls was made from a plane 20 feet off the ground.

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The Masai learned to raise cattle, but warriors guard them with bow and arrow.

Central American brush. Machetes working furiously, they chop at lianas thick as a man's wrist and hack a path through the dripping green curtain. The party passes, leaving a well-trod trail. And then, as soon as the last man has gone, nature begins her inexorable work of concealing anew the secret wrested from her. The lianas grow, the underbrush closes over. In a week, there is not a sign of the spot where once a trail existed.

A white man lies in a mosquito-netted tent, listening in awe to the immense soundlessness of the inscrutable forest. Suddenly a hyena laughs in the night and the jungle is alive with the raucous noises of the animal kingdom, screaming love, abuse, hate, and fear. As he listens, a thin, creeping sweat breaks out over his skin.

A safari moves across the high bush of the African plain. They reach a muddy river twisting through the jungle's heart, and the white leader runs up to see why his bearers have stopped.

The guide is terror-stricken. "We must not go there," he declares.

"Why?" asks the white man impatiently. "We can raft across."

But he does not know. He does not understand the taboos of the jungle. The terror of certain places, memorialized in ancient tribal legends, is so stark that no native dares to violate them.

This is the jungle. It is a land of raw power and sudden fear, a land where man and beast live today as they have lived from the beginning of time. And it is the kingdom of darkness and mystery and death.

Deep in the interior of this broad unknown, there exists a society vastly different from any other on earth. Untouched by the modern machine, the test tube, the radio wave, living

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Griots, like ancient court jesters, entertain the tribe with songs and dances.

by the most basic law of survival—kill or be killed—the jungle people are conditioned to a life which exacts from them the utmost in ingenuity, strength, stealth, and courage. Only because they are reared in the shadow of danger can they cope with its ever-present threat—and survive.

For there is no safe season in the jungle. Savagery, lurking behind any tree, waiting on any trail, must be faced resolutely. A Chokoi Indian will permit a stalking cat to get closer, closer—to leap. Then, at the very last instant, he will sidestep swiftly, plunge his spear deep into the cat's belly—and go

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The tom-tom remains the traditional message-sender of all the jungle people.

on his way. Pygmy villages are surrounded by artfully camouflaged pits. Animals attracted by the smell of human flesh cannot avoid falling into them. The piercing cry of a trapped leopard is a signal that the little brown men will have meat next day.

At night the jungle is hideous with noise. Lamentations, forlorn as those which Dante heard, desolate the ear and pierce the heart. Most mysterious of all the jungle's noises is a monotonous, flutelike note, expressing endless remorse. It is ascribed to a gigantic snail. As the monster slowly draws its body in and out of its shell, the resulting

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Rings and bracelets may be luck charms or have definite meaning. Female favorites of Yafouba warriors wear 15-pound brass anklets, symbols of fettered freedom. They don't have to work in the fields, but they can't go far, either.

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sound echoes eerily among the neighboring trees.

Natives remove any element of the prosaic from this explanation by adding that the snail in question houses the ghost of an evil son, who in anger slew his own mother. Consigned now to a new body, he will continue to voice his torment until the end of time.

A tiger has pre-empted an Indian village. Boldly he carries off the natives' livestock, sometimes even their children. At first there is no gun with which to stop him. One is obtained finally, and its proud possessor goes forth, accompanied by his three brothers, to challenge the tiger's sovereignty.

They are searching the underbrush when, all at once, a golden tornado is bearing down upon them. The thunderous roar of the gun arrests the beast in mid-air. For an instant he seems to hover, dragon-like, and then, suddenly plummets heavily to earth.

The hunters gasp and tremble as though they had been running a long way. Their dazed glances grope across the prostrate foe, who now appears mysteriously shrunken, only half his former size. However, imagination soon builds him up again. Swollen with pride, the hunters return to the village, which celebrates their valorous feat far into the night.

Jungle morals are strange, yet exacting: a woman has not proven her worth to a prospective husband until she has borne him a child. Politics are brutal, yet realistic: one tribe regularly poisons all male descendants of a dead chieftain except the new chief. This is not an act of treachery or hatred; it is done for the tribal good—to eliminate the possibility of even unconscious jealousy. The doomed men understand the law of the jungle and never try to circumvent their fate.

Avid and loquacious, monkeys are the camp followers of every jungle safari.

The first rule of the legal code is to let the punishment fit the crime. Among the Habbe tribesmen of Africa, the penalty for stealing is death. Their treatment of murderers, however, is based on the premise that almost any honest man may give in to anger and kill another. So, when a man does commit murder, he is not punished at all, but merely is required to exculpate himself by doing penance.

The families of the murderer and the murdered console each other. Together they prepare food for the slayer and send him away. For three years, a temporary outcast, he must

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This Masai boy's painted face shows that he will soon enter the warrior class.

wander the jungles and identify himself as one who slew his fellow man and, as a consequence, belongs to the living dead.

He is regarded as dead in his native village, too, and is buried in effigy and mourned along with the man he killed. Yet, as a sick man may rid himself of disease, so does he feel that his sin can be washed away. On the third anniversary of his crime, he will return and be welcomed as a "purified" man.

Everything in nature is ruled by spirits, and these spirits must be constantly wooed and propitiated. If a tree falls across a native's path, not an accident but the deliberate machination of evil forces was the cause. If he cuts himself, trips, suffers illness, always the spirits are responsible.

Most powerful of all protective fetishes is the skull of the father, which the son keeps beside him in a box and consults in emergencies. Communicating its advice by way of omens, the skull sometimes speaks out clearly in dreams. Then the young man is assured of success in love, in hunting, and in war.

Always one must be on guard against witches. Jungle residents do not say that a woman *is* a witch. She *has* a witch, they declare, meaning that she has been possessed by an evil spirit.

According to the popular view, the case is best dealt with by killing the woman out of hand. After she is dead, her corpse is carefully examined for the presence of the witch, who may have hidden in any odd-looking organ.

At night, the ghostly possessors of living women like to creep out of the bodies that they have commandeered and roam the village. A sick man, kept awake by pain, once heard a sound in the deserted midnight street outside his hut. Peering through a crack in the wall, he made out the transparent form of a woman, bearing in her arms a shadowy child. Even as he watched, she carefully laid the child down and, drawing out a knife, prepared to disembowel her victim. But the knife, under the glance of the living man in the hut, was powerless to do its duty.

Finally, after repeated and futile efforts to conclude the butchery, the witch seemed to realize that she was being observed. With incredible swiftness, she snatched up the infant, returned to the house whence she had stolen it, restored it to its proper body, and disap-

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AT THE AGE OF TEN, LADS OF THE BONI TRIBE OF FRENCH GUIANA ARE RELIABLE CANOE PADDLERS. THE BONIS ARE DESCENDED FROM THOSE NEGRO SLAVES WHO ESCAPED FROM THEIR MASTERS BEFORE THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY AND REMAINED FOREVER IN THE JUNGLE.

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In the mating season, leopards rarely travel more than a few miles from each other. When a hunter kills one, he can expect the other to appear in the vicinity.

Guiana boys are considered to be men at 12, are expert with bow and arrow.

peared into the darkness of the night, unrecognized.

Yet with all their savagery and black ignorance, jungle magic and witchcraft have managed to bring off occasional miracles which have confounded the skepticism of white explorers. Awesome sights, seemingly controlled by supernatural agencies, have been reported: children, impaled on swords during a medicine-magic show and revived shortly afterwards with no ill effects, not even a scar; liana lines rising mysteriously out of a river and falling into position as the first links in a vine bridge across crocodile-infested water. These are facts, and the facts defy explanation.

In the wilderness, tribes who live within a few hundred miles of each other differ as greatly as the nations of civilization separated by oceans

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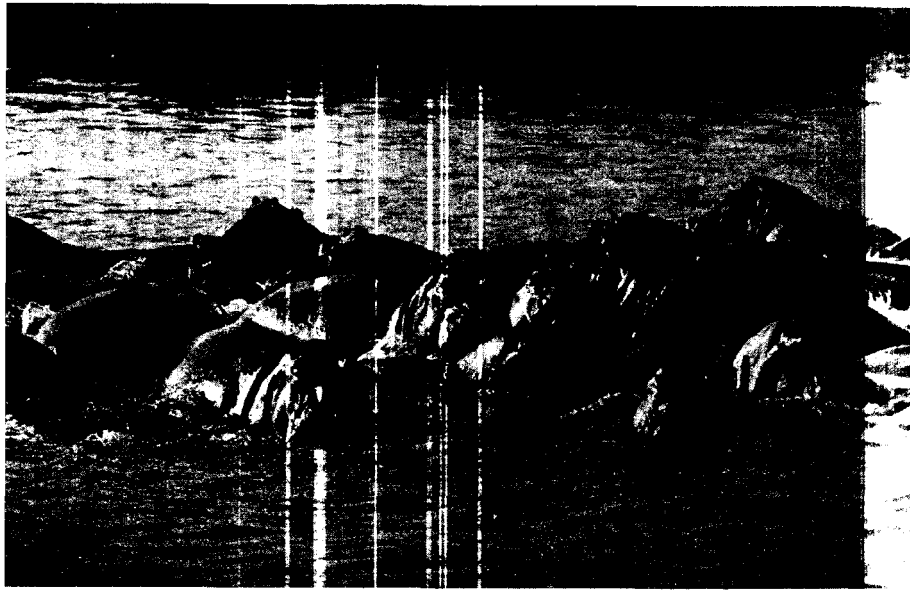
Elephants are usually led by the oldest female, whose orders are law to the herd. By killing this leader, natives are able to demoralize the entire herd.



The hippopotamus is the ugliest of jungle beasts, both in looks and temperament. Only experienced hunters and natives can cope with his furious charge.

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The tiger will not usually molest a native, but becomes enraged when taunted.

and continents. The world has not shrunk for these natives, and they remain a startling study in contrasts.

Some are gigantic in stature, others mere dwarfs, and their separate traditions, fantastic or evil as they may appear, are jealously guarded. We, in our pale skins and trappings of civilization, seem even stranger to them than they to us. Seeing white men for the first time, they have believed themselves confronted with the ghosts of their own ancestors.

One explorer, recounting his discovery of a village deep in the jungle, told of a woman who, after studying his face intently, conclud-

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Facial expressions reflect great success as natives re-enact a hunt in dance.

ed that he was her dead grandfather come back to earth on a haunting expedition. His denial evoked only skepticism.

"You are not flesh," she declared stubbornly. "If I touch you, my hand will go through."

When once more he denied the charge, she approached with fearful steps, laid a hand on his arm and then, turning, dashed away, screaming: "He is solid, just like us! My hand did not go through!"

The words encouraged the more timid, and the villagers mobbed the unhappy explorer, pulling at his clothes, pinching his arms, yanking at his hair, and announcing their

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discoveries with yells of amazement or screams of laughter.

In the Ivory Coast section of Africa, there lives a tribe distinguished from others in that they are *practicing headhunters*. According to one chieftain, the white man's law caused a great degeneration among his people. Once, they were "honest" cannibals, he said. They considered to be fair game only those men slain in battle or in village raids. To kill a stranger or one who came in peace was murder. Now, by failing to distinguish between the two types of cannibalism, by outlawing all headhunting, the white men had driven his people to stealth and murder.

It is one of nature's most perverse tricks that so much of the world's wealth should be buried in the swamps and valleys of unmapped wilderness. Before the fabulous diamond mines of South Africa yielded up their rich harvest, untold thousands sacrificed their lives to the overpowering silence of the wilds. Men know that fantastic fortunes in gold and silver still lie in the earth beneath the matted growth of centuries, but these riches remain tantalizingly beyond reach.

Deep in the upriver country of Central America, determined Indians guard the buried wealth of their ancestors—fabled Tsingal. Persevering treasure-seekers have penetrated the dark shadows of the jungle, conquering the oppressive atmosphere, eluding giant anacondas and savage jaguars. Deep into the Indian territory they have gone—and never been heard from

Bracing the weight on her head, a girl carries water from the communal well.

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Natives will travel miles to get elephant meat. It is their greatest delicacy.

again. Searchers get the same answer from the impassive tribesmen: a mysterious shrug, "No see."

Rubber, quinine, tin—these have been the irresistible lure of the Pacific jungle, and each pound of precious raw material has had a price paid—in human life. The jungle yields nothing without exacting its harsh tribute.

Yet men still go back. The call of the wild is mysterious and magnetic. It transcends the quest for treasure or adventure or fame. It is a beckoning to a wildly beautiful world which belongs to another life, another age—the last place on earth still untouched by modern civilization. It has drawn many men. It will draw more, for they say that once you have heard the call, there is no turning your back on it.

This baby's head was shaved by a piece of glass in the best of tribal tradition.

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THE WATUSSI ARE THE WORLD'S GREATEST HIGH JUMPERS. STARTING FROM AN ANT HEAP, THEY HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO LEAP AS HIGH AS EIGHT FEET IN THE AIR, EXCEEDING THE WORLD'S HIGH-JUMP RECORD.

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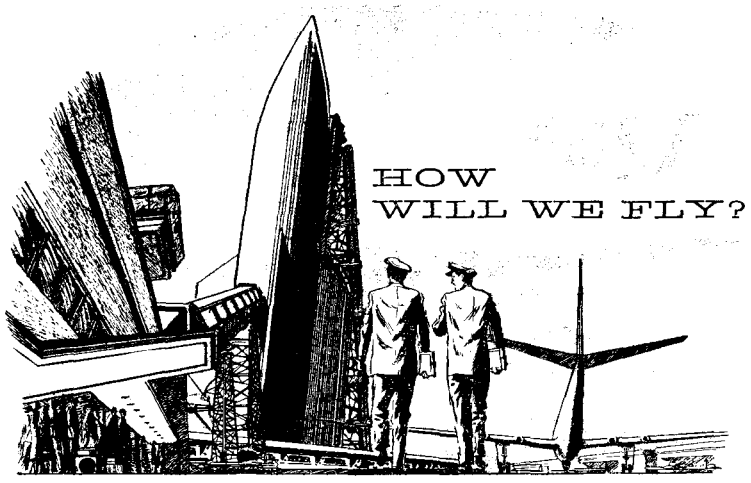

HOW WILL WE FLY?

by VICTOR BOESEN

With jet and rocket planes, cracking the speed of sound seems just the beginning

THREE MILES UP in the afternoon sky, a spear-tipped vapor streak cleft the pale face of the moon and raced on toward the southeast. Test pilot George Welch, Pacific ace, who had been in his North American Sabre only a few minutes, was slashing the heavens at a fearful rate—probably 700 miles an hour.

For the swept-wing Sabre, that speed is routine: the ship holds the world's official record of 670.981 miles an hour. Given a loose rein by Maj. Frank Everest, USAF, on a straightaway run from Dayton to Washington, D.C., the Sabre averaged 710 miles an hour.

Though the Sabre, with the serial designation F (for fighter) 86, holds the edge at the moment, it is only by a hair. The Lockheed Shooting Star, Republic Thunderjet, Northrop Scorpion, Vought Cutlass, Douglas Skynight, Grumman Panther, Martin B-51, and McDonnell Banshee are all pressing close, with speeds in the same "600-mile-an-hour class."

Nor are bombers far behind. Northrop's Flying Wing and at least one British model whoosh along at well over 500 miles an hour, the Boeing-47 at 600. What the Russians are turning out in these categories, with the help of German engineers, is not known, but they are presumed to be doing well enough.

As for faster commercial ships, the Canada Jetliner and DeHavilland Comet, recently announced by the British, cruise at 400 and 500 miles an hour, respectively. Expected to enter service next year, these are sure to start Americans building similar designs which have long been on drawing boards.

Present air speeds are roughly

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200 miles an hour faster than five years ago. How much faster are they going to get? A great deal, because of the jet engine. This remarkable machine removed the barriers imposed by the limitations of the propeller and piston engine, and its potentials have only just begun to be exploited.

Today's propellers can be driven only so fast—no faster than sound at the tips. After that, they begin to lose their bite on the air. Even if a successful supersonic propeller is found, it is doubtful that it could be driven economically because of an immutable law of the piston engine that the harder you push it, the less efficient it becomes.

The jet gives propulsion by a different principle; it thrives on effort. In the jet, called "torch" by its intimates, air is taken in at the front, compressed by means of a turbine, sprayed with fuel, and the mixture exploded. The blast is expended to the rear, causing thrust forward. The garden hose pulling back in your hand as water sprays from it is responding to the same principle.

In contrast to the thousand-odd moving parts of the piston engine, the jet contains only one. It burns oil in any stage from the crude to the highly refined—even powdered coal, sawdust, old shoes—anything capable of being fed to it. There is no vibration: the British, in demonstrating the Comet, show that, in flight, a coin can be balanced on edge. Also, while the jet screams in the sky, this sound is highly directional, and those riding in the ship actually hear little more than the whistle of the wind.

Only 15 years ago, the jet was mostly an idea in the mind of RAF pilot-engineer Frank Whittle. The first jet drove a plane no longer ago than 1941. "And yet," points out Lockheed's chief engineer, Hall Hibbard, "it is already the standard power plant of all fighters and bombers, and soon of air liners."

The first jets were good for only a couple of hours before they needed overhauling. Now some of them go for 350 hours. The first jets were pigs for fuel (they still are), but this weakness is likewise being overcome. The original jet fighter, Lockheed's P-80, could stay up an hour. Now they stay up three hours, or 2,000 miles' worth.

WITH THE JET coming along at such a precocious rate, aircraftsmen are hard put to find designs to give the prodigy its head. Helping them in this quest are such trail blazers as the rocket-powered Bell X-1, first to crack the speed of sound; and the Douglas Skystreak and Skyrocket. These ships are simply flying laboratories, bringing back answers by means of automatic cameras trained on scores of dials and gauges.

Hence the trend toward backswept wings, as on the Sabre. This helps to obviate the terrific buffeting encountered at the "sonic barrier," the critical point at which the ship crosses from subsonic into supersonic speed. Actually, reports Skyrocket skipper Gene May, there is no such barrier, if the ship is designed right. All he feels as he crosses this aerodynamic road block, he says, is a slight bump, like hitting a hole in the street with your automobile.

The wing backsweep will con-

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tinue, some engineers believe, until the airplane has the lines of a paper dart. Convair is already flying such a ship, called the Delta Wing. Northrop, whose famous Flying Wing introduced this idea years ago, is testing a tailless airplane which is a compromise between the conventional fuselage-type plane and the all-wing construction.

Unfortunately, nature's laws of balance are nowhere more inexorable than in aviation, and while engineers have got the design riddle pretty well under control, the jet plane has confronted them with a whole flock of new problems. The biggest is frictional heat.

What this can do has long been told by the flaming fate of meteors entering the earth's atmosphere. At 1,000 miles an hour at sea level, a plane picks up 150 degrees merely from the rubbing of air across it. Add to this the 110 degrees of the Air Force's standard dry, hot day, plus the heat radiating from the 2,000-degree blast furnace of the jet engine, and the pilot can broil to death. Therefore, it has been necessary to find structural materials that don't weaken under heat, and to fly high—at 35,000 feet or better—where the temperature is far below zero and the air is thinner, reducing frictional effects and resistance.

But here, again, nature exacts a price. A man can't live at those altitudes. There isn't enough oxygen, and his body, made to balance the pressure of 14 pounds per square foot at sea level, tends to fly apart. So the pilot (and passengers) must be artificially given an atmosphere approximating that on the ground. This is pressurization.

The most feasible way to pressurize the cockpit is to "bleed" air from the engine, where it is already compressed to the extent needed. But wait! This air is like an inferno —more than twice the boiling point of water. It literally would make the cockpit a pressure cooker. Somehow it must be cooled.

This called for something with the cooling capacity of 40 household refrigerators. And it had to be something that would do the job during the split second it took the air to pass from engine to cockpit.

To the rescue came the AiResearch Manufacturing Company of Los Angeles, which has produced a gadget weighing a mere 12 pounds. This takes the hell-heat in at one end and delivers it out the other at 35 degrees below zero . . . in two-tenths of a second.

MANY AS ARE the new troubles compounded by solution of the previous ones, the aeronautical experts are doing fine. Practical military planes, not experimental models, capable of one and six-tenths times the speed of sound, are now in the works. "We can turn these out any time the Government comes through with the funds," declares Curtis Bates, Northrop's design administrator.

Meanwhile, Douglas, for one, is quietly working on a research plane about which nothing may be told except that it is intended for 2,000 miles an hour, three times the speed of a pistol bullet. If the experts succeed in making this ship do what they have in mind, that will be the end of the line speedwise, within the earth's atmosphere. This is Hibbard's opinion, though he recalls

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that all speed limits forecast in the past have been exceeded. But Hibbard is not alone in believing that, to go faster, we must get out of the atmosphere. That will settle conclusively the question of friction. Unfortunately, it will also retire all forms of combustion engines, which must have air to operate. Propulsion will have to be by rockets, which are independent of it.

On the other hand, there being no friction beyond the atmosphere because there is no air, there is absolutely no limit on speed or, for the same reason, any problem of aerodynamics. Speed can be 100,000 miles an hour or faster, says Hibbard, even though the ship is shaped like a boxcar.

With such speeds, however, the rocket becomes too fast for use between mere earth points; it would be like using the ocean-going *Queen Mary* for a local ferry run. So rocket ships will probably wait until we are of a mind to enter the interplanetary travel routes.

Not that rockets are too much for our engineers. They are able today to build one capable of leaving the earth for all time. All it takes is 150 seconds of eight-G (for eight times gravity) acceleration, easily withstood by the human body. After that, it would keep going on its own, for it would be beyond earthly gravity.

Fired at an angle, the rocket would circle the earth forever as another satellite. Fired straight up, it would keep a course perpetually into ever more distant space, like the stars still flying outward from the morning of time.

If man can do this today, making a plane to travel 2,000 miles an hour ought to be easy.

On Views and Viewers

I'M NOT REALLY FAT. I only look that way because I was on a television show the other day and I'm still slightly distorted. —ABE BURROWS

AN ABSENT-MINDED professor came home and turned his radio on. Seeing nothing, he moaned, "My God, I'm blind." —*Printers' Ink*

A MAN IN THE furniture-repair business has had a great many complaints of the same type recently. He will be called to look at a living-room set which needs repair. Almost invariably the housewife will say to him, "I have had this set so many years and it has always been in perfect condition, but in the last year it has worn so terribly. We could not understand it at first, but now we have figured it out. We got a television set about a year ago."

"I DON'T LIKE to have anyone start a conversation," advised the host with the new set, "during the program."

"We're not going to start any," explained the lady from next door. "We're just going to continue where we left off last time we were here."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

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What's Wrong with Your Boss?

by ELLIS MICHAEL

A survey of office and factory workers throws light on "Mr. Big's" shortcomings

CRITICIZING THE BOSS is a healthy American tradition. Since most of us have a secret longing to be "Mr. Big" ourselves, we like to feel that if we were the boss we could do a better job. The result is that most employees know pretty well what they like and dislike about the person who tells them what to do from 9 to 5, five days a week.

What makes a poor boss? To find the answer, I went directly to employees themselves. In dozens of factories and offices, I interviewed production workers, technicians, stenographers, clerks—a cross section of the men and women who are the backbone of America's industrial and business system.

Admittedly, it is difficult to pin a specific label on any human being. Yet these employees clearly indicated that the inept boss falls into at least one—and in some instances a combination—of the following categories:

1. *The suspicious boss.* A young engineer told me that he works for this type. Oddly enough, the employer, a radio manufacturer, considers himself an ideal executive. He boasts about the company's fine cafeteria, elaborate pension plan, and liberal vacation policy. Yet the firm has the highest employee turnover and one of the lowest production records in the industry. Why? Because the atmosphere is clouded with fear.

The employer follows a policy he calls "keeping in touch." Three or four times a day, he pays surprise visits to each department. Then he inspects the rest rooms to make sure no one is loafing. The situation has reached the point where, at the sound of footsteps, an entire department will suddenly

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become silent. Even the boss himself recently remarked: "I can't understand it; you're the quietest workers I've ever seen!"

2. *The "tough" boss.* This type doesn't believe in "mollycoddling"; when he gives orders, he barks them. In addition, he appears to get positive enjoyment from issuing bulletins and directives.

Unfortunately, he fails to realize that a pat on the back is the key to greater production and high morale. A laboratory assistant for a large drug company puts it thus: "Let's say my boss wants me to work overtime. If he orders me to stay, I resent it. But let him say: 'This is important. Can you help me out?' and I want to pitch in and do a first-rate job."

3. *The "chummy" boss.* Most employees dislike the boss who treats his men as machines. But at the same time they are biased against the supervisor who indulges in overfriendliness. They find it difficult to draw the line between working hours and what goes on afterwards, and are strongly tempted to take advantage of the relationship. A number of workers confessed that, working for the "chummy" boss, they think nothing of arriving late or of breaking company rules.

Often, overfamiliarity leads to more serious consequences, as one advertising trainee discovered. This young man works in an agency where relations between the department head and subordinates started on a "friendly" basis. But, inevitably, favoritism and politics crept in. A few employees began to curry the boss' favor and succeeded in turning him against the others.

By now, employees who haven't crashed the "inner sanctum" are demoralized. The result: high absentee rate, animosity between employees, poor performance.

4. *The "buck-passing" boss.* Most employees know at least one executive who palms off responsibility and gets away with as little work as possible. Such "buck-passers" don't realize that they pay for their blunders through loss of prestige and respect. And in the end it usually comes to the attention of the Big Boss anyway, as in the case of a young man named Bill.

An estimator for a contracting firm, Bill draws up reports for his department head, who passes them along to the head of the company. Bill's former supervisor was the type of boss who always fell behind in his work. As a result, he frequently failed to get Bill's reports to the president's desk on time.

One day, the department head was ill, and Bill was called to the president's office. "The report on that new job was due two days ago," the employer said with a frown, "and I still haven't received it. This is the third time it's happened in two months."

"But I did finish it," Bill replied. "And I completed those other reports on time, too."

Obviously, Bill's supervisor had been dodging responsibility for the delayed reports to hide his own inefficiency. Soon he was looking for another job.

5. *The "know-it-all" boss.* This is a common type who smugly convinces himself that he is never wrong, and doesn't like his orders questioned. In his "brass hat" approach to bossing, there is no room for consulting with a worker or

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understanding him as an individual. To such a supervisor, a suggestion or criticism by a subordinate is a personal insult.

Virtually every employee I spoke to resented the "know-it-all" boss vehemently. Some placed him at the top of their list of bad bosses.

6. *The frantic boss.* This type of executive feels that nothing can be done without him. He is so bogged down in detail that he has no time to set orderly policies. He never appears to know what he wants, never seems able to delegate responsibility. As a result, the shop or office is in constant turmoil.

A switchboard operator for a small paper-products concern told me that her employer falls into this category. During his only vacation in three years, he phoned long-distance twice a day to give the staff minor instructions.

Such a boss fights his employees and wages a constant battle with himself, because he has never learned how to be an administrator. He isn't aware that as head of the organization, whether it be a three-man department or a large corporation, his primary job is planning and organizing.

These, then, are the six types of bad bosses. The men and women who labeled them poor executives were *not* chronic boss-haters. They were a typical cross section of American employees.

Their attitude was best summed up by a gray-haired accountant who said: "Give me a boss who treats me as a human being instead of as a machine, who is calm, patient, and gifted with a sense of humor, and I—as well as millions of employees like me—will give him the utmost in respect and loyalty."

Let Coronet Balance Your Xmas Budget!

HERE IS A HELPFUL suggestion on how you can pay your Christmas-gift bills—and still have enough left to welcome in the New Year with a bang!

More than ever, magazine gift subscriptions are heading the Christmas shopping list of business firms and individuals who want to give a gift that endures throughout the year. Alert, ambitious agents are finding how easy it is to obtain these subscriptions—at a handsome profit to themselves.

Coronet's Community Representatives are making the best of this opportunity around Christmas-time by handling new and renewal subscriptions to CORONET, *Esquire*, and all the other popular, fast-selling magazines. They are enjoying financial rewards of $500 to $700 a year for spare-time work . . . while full-time earnings are unlimited.

Join this active group by sending for your big Christmas Kit, containing complete information that will put you in the subscription business in 30 minutes. Simply enclose 25 cents (to cover cost of handling) and mail your request to the Coronet Agency Division, Box 241, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.

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THE HARASSED HUSBAND, perpetually in a financial jam, was trying to explain to his wife that he just couldn't give her a check.

"It would only come back, dear," he pointed out. "My bank account is already overdrawn."

"Well, give me one anyway," she insisted, "and make it for $500. All I want is to pull it out of my handbag with my handkerchief at our Canasta party this afternoon."

—LON PERRY

"WHAT SEEMS TO BE troubling you?" the psychiatrist asked the wild-eyed man in his office.

"It's the cabbage leaves I keep buying for my turtle," the patient replied. "I buy them every day."

"I see nothing wrong in that," the psychiatrist soothed.

"Oh but there is, there is!" the harassed man cried. "You just don't understand, doctor—I haven't any turtle."

—HILDA HEYM

THE DRIVER became so interested in his companion's conversation that he missed the red light and was halfway across an intersection before a police whistle brought him to his senses.

"Officer," he alibied, "I tried to stop and couldn't. I think there's something wrong with my car!"

"You're right, Buddy," the cop said sarcastically. "I think it's the nut that holds the steering wheel!"

—NEW YORK *Daily News*

AFTER A TOUGH FLIGHT, the bomber was approaching its base. Just as the pilot, over the intercom, was giving the crew landing instructions, the engineer, in an agitated tone, cut in: "Sir, we're very low on fuel. And I've just discovered our landing gear has been shot away. What'll we do?"

The pilot thought a moment, then shouted back: "All right, you guys. We're almost out of gas and we've lost our landing gear. So you'd better stick your feet out of the bomb bay and start running like hell!"

—FRANCES RODMAN

THE COLONEL had insisted to Sam, his cook, that the Thanksgiving turkey be a domestic corn-fed bird, no wild fowl. Came the day and the Colonel cut into a beautiful done-to-perfection turkey. He frowned, cut again, then sent for Sam.

"Didn't I tell you I wanted a domestic bird?" he thundered.

"Yes, suh, that's a domestic, corn-fed fowl."

"Well, what about this shot I'm finding?"

Sam shuffled from one foot to the other. "That shot, suh, were meant fo' me."

—*Quote*

MR. WILLIAM MERRIWEATHER, the nation's newest multimillionaire, was being interviewed by the press. "Would you say that you are a self-made man, Mr. Merriweather?" one reporter asked.

"Oh, by no means," was the modest reply. "I could never have

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become a multimillionaire had it not been for my wife."

"Ah, I see," said the interviewer, "her loyal help—"

Mr. Merriweather smiled.

"Oh, no," he replied. "I was simply curious to find out whether there was *any* income she couldn't live beyond!" —*Wall Street Journal*

THE PRESIDENT of a manufacturing company called in his first vice-president.

"Bill," he said, "I want a straight answer from you: have you or have you not ever flirted with my secretary after office hours?"

"Well—yes, I have," was the hesitant answer.

"Okay," said the president, "that's all I want to know."

The second vice-president was called in and asked the same question. "Yes," he replied, "I'll have to admit I have."

The company's treasurer was then sent for and queried.

"Gosh, no," he answered, "I don't even think she's attractive."

"You're my man," the president said, beaming. "You go in and fire her." —*Pine Echoes*

MUCH AGAINST HIS WILL, McGregor had been hauled out into the wind and rain of a chilly afternoon by his determined wife to visit the McNabs. He was sulking when teatime arrived.

"Will ye hae a cup o' tea, Mr. McGregor?" asked Mrs. McNab.

McGregor's expression was grim.

"No tea," he replied.

"Maybe a cup o' cocoa?"

"No cocoa," McGregor growled.

"Then a cup o' coffee?" Mrs. McNab suggested.

"No coffee."

"Then let me get you a whiskey and soda."

"No soda!" McGregor muttered sulkily. —ADRIAN ANDERSON

THEY TELL A STORY about Groucho Marx visiting the parents of a two-year-old child.

"Just look at him, Mr. Marx," the proud mother exclaimed. "He's been walking like that for a year."

"Amazing!" said Groucho. "Can't you make him sit down?"

—*Twaddle*

"WELL, DEAR," sighed the head of the house after viewing the crumpled fender, "did the officer scold you for hitting one of the city's trees?"

"No, he was just lovely, John," explained the new driver. "He said the city planted them just to keep lady drivers from getting up on people's porches." —*Christian Science Monitor*

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Terror in the Woods

by EARLE DOUCETTE

Many a hunter has suffered or died needlessly because he succumbed to wild panic

ONE NOVEMBER AFTERNOON last year, a searching party of Maine wardens, guides and woodsmen came to the end of a tragic trail. At their feet on the forest floor was the lost hunter for whom they were looking—dead.

The cause of death, the medical examiner said, was overexertion. Yet, the big, healthy man had traveled a scant five miles from where he was last seen, and had been lost only eight hours.

Clearly, the hunter had fallen victim to the panic that overcomes so many who are lost in the woods. Woodsmen call this becoming "bushed." Under its spell, even ordinarily well-balanced persons often do almost incredible things.

Some, like the dead hunter, end up by rushing madly through the forest in a frantic desire to get out. They stumble over fallen trees, get up shaken and bruised, then surge on even faster. At last their bursting hearts quit and they drop.

In others, the shock of being lost soon brings on a condition resembling amnesia; the victim walks aimlessly through the woods and, when found, cannot remember his name or anything else about himself. Still others suffer from hallucinations; they think they are being chased by ferocious wild beasts.

The dead hunter's equipment had included a compass, candy bars, matches, warm clothing, a rifle, even a belt ax. He could have been

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lost a week without serious results—if he had kept his head.

But when he was found, he was minus rifle, ax, even outer clothing. Hampered by them in his mad rush, he had thrown them away, even though the temperature was below freezing. Evidently a branch had knocked off his hat and he was in too much of a hurry to pick it up, for he was found bareheaded.

This odd propensity for discarding the very things that would help to sustain life is the rule rather than the exception with "bushed" persons. One lost hunter, found dead in the woods, had thrown away his rifle and coat and was in stockinged feet, while four companions who had become lost while looking for him also threw away their rifles before making their way to safety.

Deputy Commissioner Earle Bradbury of the Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Game recounts an eerie experience shared by two department wardens trailing a lost hunter whose tortured mind had sought relief in an exaggerated type of amnesia.

"Eventually the man's tracks in the snow led directly toward a wide, paved highway, and the tired wardens sighed with relief. Surely they would find him there. Imagine their astonishment when they found he had actually crossed the road without seeing it and had plunged into the deep woods on the other side!

"But that was just the beginning of a weird experience. At last they saw their man just ahead and shouted to him encouragingly. To their amazement, he started running away from them.

"Catching up, they had a grim fight with the crazed man before they could subdue him. And then they had to carry him out of the woods—he wouldn't walk."

A few years ago, a hunter lost in Maine's Moosehead Lake region became convinced that he was being chased by men bent on killing him. Barricading himself in a trapper's deserted cabin, he threatened to shoot his would-be rescuers. After being reasoned with for several hours, he came to his senses and ran towards them with tears of relief on his cheeks.

Almost beyond belief is the most tragic case on which Maine wardens have worked. Warden Supervisor Charles Harriman was in charge of a searching party that finally caught up with a lost hunter. He was naked except for socks; he had torn off the rest of his clothing. In his hand was his hunting knife, with which he had stabbed himself until he died. He was so afraid of being lost that he had killed himself!

CAN ANYTHING BE DONE to avert such needless suffering and loss of life? Harriman, one of the most woods-wise men in the North Country, has this to say:

"It should be drummed into sportsmen's heads that a person who is lost in the woods and who remains calm will be far safer than if he were at home, dodging traffic. If he acts according to prearranged plans when hunting with others, or if he notifies someone just where he is going when he is hunting alone, he will hardly ever be in the woods longer than overnight before he is found. But suppose he is lost two, three, or four days?

"On all sides is enough fuel. He

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can shoot birds and animals for food. But even though a man has nothing to eat for a week, what of it? It won't hurt him seriously.

"The idea that anything in the forest will harm a man is childish. Can't people stop believing fairy tales? Thousands of us—wardens, guides, woodsmen, timber cruisers—are in the woods constantly. Times without number, when weather permits, we just roll up in a blanket when night comes.

"There is not one instance in our North Woods of anyone ever being attacked. I have had animals come near me only twice—once when a mouse tried to build a nest in my pocket while I slept, and another time when a chipmunk filled one of my boots full of prune pits when I spent the night near an abandoned lumber camp."

Those who get their living in the woods have abounding admiration for the Boy Scouts. No one in Maine can remember a Scout, or anyone who ever has been an active Scout, becoming "bushed." Their training seems to inculcate self-reliance.

One November day in 1938, an early blizzard roared down on Maine's forests. Thousands of hunters were marooned. That night, with the blizzard raging, Warden Supervisor Daniel Malloy trudged through the forest, seeking a hunter who hadn't showed up.

"I had traveled three miles when ahead I saw a campfire twinkling cozily," he said. "It was built in front of an efficient little lean-to, and in this shelter, snug as a bug, was a boy about 12 years old.

"I expected to be greeted with shouts of joy, but the youngster was madder than a hornet. Seems that he was out rabbit hunting when the storm overtook him. So, mindful of his Scout training, he had done exactly the right thing.

"He planned to make his way back home next morning. All he had on his mind was the hope that his experience would win him a Scout award. And there I had blundered onto him, threatening to spoil the whole thing.

"Soon afterward I found the man I was looking for. He was wandering around babbling, on the point of exhaustion. Strange, isn't it? In one night I had run across a little boy who had used his brains and a big man who hadn't."

A group of hunters in strange territory should spend the first

Think First

LAST YEAR, nearly 150 deer hunters were killed by the gunfire of fellow sportsmen. This year, with more than 3,500,000 hunters—many of whom have never handled a gun before—out in the field, the score may be even higher.

Every year, men are killed and wounded when overeager hunters shoot first and think afterwards, mistaking a handkerchief for the flash of a deer's white tail. For example, a Wisconsin hunter fired at a moving streak of white. His bullet crashed through the window of a white-lettered school bus.

The best way to avoid accidents is not to shoot at any object, moving or otherwise, until you have positively identified it. This precaution, plus the common-sense rules for handling firearms, will give you—and everyone else in the woods—the widest margin of safety.

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evening with a guide, being briefed on the terrain. In which direction do the brooks and streams run? Where are the landmarks? Where are the deep swamps? Are there outlying camps in which a person could seek refuge in case of a storm?

Before each day's hunt the group should thoroughly understand just where each member shall hunt and what he shall do if he becomes lost. Shall he stay right where he is when he becomes turned around or lost, or shall he make for some predetermined road or stream? Once having agreed on plans, all hands should stick to them undeviatingly. Many a hunter has been shot because he deserted plans and wandered into a companion's line of fire.

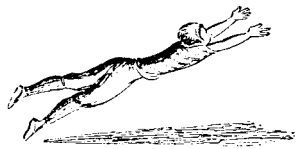
The safest thing for a lost person to do, especially if it is getting late, is to build a fire and lean-to, and stick it out there until found, probably next morning. The road or stream he would otherwise try to reach may be farther away than he thinks, and it is no fun stumbling around in the dark trying to find burnable wood.

So remember, if you are lost in the woods, you won't lose your life unless you lose your head. Your only potential enemy, besides yourself, is exposure. And if you are sensible enough to carry a small ax (not a knife) for cutting wood, you can keep warm even if the temperature is below freezing.

Once, deep in the woods, a trapper came across an old Indian seated comfortably beside a fire. Since the reservation was far away, the trapper greeted the old brave with, "Chief, what's the matter? You lost?"

For a while the chief pondered the strange thought processes of the white man. Then he grunted and answered: "No, Indian chief not lost. Wigwam lost."

I think he had something there.



Gridiron Grins

THE SITUATION was desperate. They were in the final seconds of the big game of the year, their opponents led 3-0, and the coach of the local team decided to send in a big boy with a strong back but a weak mind.

"What do you want me to do?" asked the dope.

"Why, make a touchdown, of course," said the coach wryly.

The sub rushed in, grabbed a fumble, raced down the field, hit a swarm of tacklers, and plowed across the goal line for the winning touchdown just as the game ended.

Rushing up to the coach, dopey pumped his hand up and down, exclaiming: "Gee, coach, thanks —that sure was good advice you gave me!" —SALLY BROSSARD

SPECTATORS AT ONE of the University of Denver games watched in admiration as the UD girls' stunting organization marched on the gridiron to greet their visitors. The coeds went through intricate formations, then lined up to spell out the word "Hello."

However, there was a slight error—by mistake, the "O" came at the wrong end of the word. —TOM NORTON

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Machines to Do Tomorrow's Thinking

by MADELYN WOOD

Fantastic robots with "brains" may make life easier and happier for all of us

IT WAS THE YEAR 1965. All over America, people were asking a grim question: would there be a depression? There were ominous signs . . . unemployment growing . . . sales dropping . . . businessmen beginning to wonder whether plans for expansion should be abandoned.

Yet what alarmed people most was a bill before Congress calling for a vast new multibillion-dollar program that could exhaust the Treasury. If it was the only way, they would accept it, but they hoped it would not be necessary.

That was why millions waited tensely on news from a laboratory in Chicago. For the decision to act would come not from Congress, not from the President, not from the nation's business leaders. *It would come from a machine.* In that Chicago laboratory was a mechanical brain, a colossal thinking machine that for the first time gave man a way of peering into the economic future.

From the typewritten pages that emerged from this fantastic device, the President was able to tell his waiting countrymen the big news. There would be no depression; the drastic steps would be unnecessary. For already, unperceived by top economists, powerful forces were at work that would soon send the country toward new prosperity.

This picture of a possible future event is no flight of fancy. Leading scientists are convinced that the fabulous race of machines—the automatic calculators like ENIAC, SSEC, BINAC, MARK I, II, and III—will become a vital part of your daily life, taking over an unbelievable variety of "thinking" tasks. In addition to protecting the nation from economic catastrophe, they may help cure illness, find people better jobs, and guide the actions of businessmen, lawyers, scientists.

As seen by scientists like Vannevar Bush and Norbert Wiener of MIT, the age of robots is startlingly close. But it is not intended that thinking machines should be mechanical substitutes for the human brain. Rather, they will permit an extension of human capabilities by

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undertaking tasks that otherwise could never be accomplished at all.

An "economic predictor," for instance, will be capable of making millions of calculations an hour, of analyzing swiftly almost-countless confused economic facts. Hundreds of human brains, working on the same problems, would find the answers long after the need for them was past. Essentially a calculating machine of the type in use today, "economic predictor" is only one of a host of projected devices that will be unlike anything we now know.

Do you want a better job? These thinking machines of the future will help you get that, too. In fact, the thinking machine could give many aptitude tests. The job seeker would push buttons to indicate answers to questions. He could do the puzzle type of dexterity test, the results being transmitted to the machine by electrical impulses.

However, the machine's big job would be in evaluating the results of written tests through a whole series of steps. As the papers were fed into it, it would translate the answers into mathematical language. Then it would "think" about them. Finally it would print an analysis of the applicant!

THE MEN WHO MAKE the "brain" machines are convinced that our factories of today, miraculous as they seem, are crude forerunners of the robot factory of the future. Walk onto the floor of such a factory, and you would find yourself alone in a weird maze of machines.

Follow the thoughts of two outstanding industrial engineers and physicists, Eric W. Leaver and Dr. J. J. Brown, and you will see what makes these factory robots so different. Take a look at present-day machines. Each is designed to perform a specific task. Now, say the physicists, look at a human being. He is flexible, adaptable.

The difference between man and the machine is that man has an *arm guided by a brain.* That is the reason we need men and women to operate the assembly lines. Well, why not make a machine that has an arm guided by a mechanical brain?

The scientists designed one that would consist essentially of a steel arm in a revolving socket, capable of doing anything the human arm can do. Built into its base would be an impulse-receiving mechanism, hooked up to a central "brain." This great controlling machine would direct each arm, thinking out every move.

The mechanism would run by itself, for a week at a time or longer, for the central brain would deliver its messages from punched cards or rolls of paper, which could be set to repeat themselves endlessly. The thinking process of the robots would begin long before the manufacturing process, by controlling the mechanism that brought raw materials into the factory.

After the product was finished, it would be carried away automatically, wrapped or crated, and addressed. At the same time, machines would make out the bills, send them with the goods, or put them into envelopes addressed to the recipients, and even stamp and mail them. Thus a factory that now needs the services of thousands of people could be run by a handful of skilled engineers.

Of course, this poses a tremen-

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dous question: "What's to become of factory workers?" The engineers retort: "The new machines will force society to find a better use for men than to make them mechanical operators of machines." Then they add that the machines could be the means of giving us a flood of new products. Furthermore, the automatic factory could make goods so cheaply that purchasing power would be enormously increased.

Some of the most amazing changes in tomorrow's world will come from the descendants of today's giant calculators—"predictors" that warn what's ahead. Control of weather, for instance. To visualize what that means, glance into the not-far-distant future.

Somewhere out in the Caribbean, a tiny air disturbance starts what may become a frightful hurricane. A complex series of meteorological phenomena—pressure, temperature, wind—have to be exactly right before a hurricane develops. If weather experts could analyze all these factors fast enough, they could forecast the future of the hurricane before it started.

This is where the "weather brain" may step into the picture. Minute by minute, complete weather reports from automatic observation stations in the Caribbean pour in to a central point—say, Princeton, New Jersey—where one of the world's most up-to-date electronic calculators is under construction. Into it might go cards or paper strips or magnetic wire, on which are recorded the facts coming in from the weather stations.

Day after day, the machine analyzes the data and turns out printed reports. Then, suddenly, lights begin to flash, warning that the combination is right. A tiny air movement thousands of miles away may grow into a giant hurricane.

A few minutes later, planes are

The Mechanical Brains Are Ready for War

ALREADY, AUTOMATIC computing devices are solving intricate scientific riddles for the armed forces. A problem of analyzing stress and strain on plane wings, for instance, was solved at Douglas Aircraft Co. with I.B.M. equipment in 30 machine-hours; it would have taken 15 expert technicians a 40-hour week to get the answer on their desk computers. Likewise, military authorities credit computers with redesigning the Douglas C-74—a four-engine military transport plane—three months earlier than was expected.

Meanwhile, an official of North American Aviation reports: "We're using these big computers on everything we build." And when Northrop Aircraft snagged on how to measure the effect of hypothetical wind pressure on a rubber diaphragm, its "Binac" computer gave the answer in seven minutes. Without a machine, it would have taken a man a year to untangle the complex problem.

In the crucial months ahead, such steel-celled minds will be of even greater importance as America seeks to build a mighty military machine. By freeing men from routine jobs, they will add the equivalent of millions of "invisible workers" to our manpower pool.

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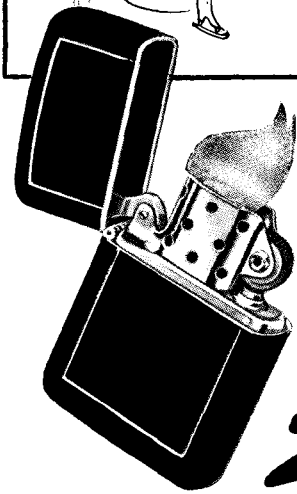

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taking off from airfields in Florida for an exact destination. Once arrived, they quickly drop chemicals on the water, then set fire to them. The heat creates countercurrents, breaking up the air movement that would have become a hurricane.

WILL THE ADVENT of machines that think mean a violent upheaval in our way of life? Scientists believe they will bring many changes, but they hasten to add that machines will not take over the higher activities of the human brain.

Actually, one of the most important mechanical brains may help men to think better. To witness it in action, picture a situation facing a physician of the future.

"Not like any case I've seen," the doctor says, after considering a rare combination of symptoms.

He walks to a desk that looks ordinary enough except for a panel containing a group of levers and buttons. These he punches in rapid sequence. There is a whirring sound in the machine, a screen lights suddenly, and onto it flashes the typewritten page of a medical report.

The doctor's eyes skim the page quickly, it vanishes and another appears. Then another and another. An hour later the doctor nods. In that brief time, the machine has produced 500 different medical reports dealing with ailments similar to those of his patient.

The machine he consulted is a "Memex," a device visualized by Vannevar Bush, which has a memory greater than the combined remembering capacity of hundreds of thousands of human beings.

Is there no end to the capabilities of these uncanny mechanical brains? The scientists just don't know the answer, but they suspect that their ideas to date have not brought them anywhere near the limit. What intrigues them most, however, is the way the machines are beginning to develop human traits.

There is one mechanical brain, for instance, that hates to get up in the morning. It hands out the wrong answers until its lazy circuits are given several trial runs.

Professor Wiener says some machines actually develop psychiatric problems. When their memories start failing, or they begin acting in a peculiar manner, they get treatment like that prescribed for nervous human machines. Perhaps a rest cure; or something like lobotomy, the operation in which part of the brain is severed from the rest; or shock therapy by shooting a heavy electrical charge through them.

The fact that their responses are so remarkably human has caused scientists to think of the most amazing possibility offered by robot brains. By studying them, they say, maybe we will get the answer to that most baffling of all riddles: what makes the human brain the greatest thinking machine of all?

Rhyming Riddles (Answers to quiz on page 63)

1. Supine divine; 2. Top cop; 3. Lean dean; 4. Dapper trapper; 5. Rookie bookie; 6. Dark shark; 7. Star tar; 8. Chief thief; 9. Damp tramp; 10. Sick dick; 11. Flip dip; 12. Sincere engineer; 13. Tight wright; 14. Dumber drummer.

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THE BEST IN BOOKS

Coronet Selects:

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR by Louise A. Stinetorf (*Westminster*).

IT IS A LONG HAUL from an Indiana farm to a mission in the Congo, but Ellen Burton traversed it. What's more, as a medical missionary, she taught the natives to accept her "medicine" in preference to that of their own witch doctors. This novel of an American woman bringing civilization to jungle tribes is both a gripping adventure and a pleasant preview of President Truman's Point Four Program.

After the "white witch doctor" got used to monkey meat, gnat pancakes, and shaking snakes out of her shoes each morning, she began to run the mission as she had done her farm. She didn't make many converts, but she made plenty of friends.

Miss Stinetorf, herself a missionary who served in Africa, tells her tale with ease and authority. For its fascinating glimpse of an American in an Africa still largely dark, this is CORONET's Selection of the Month.

Coronet Recommends:

RISE UP AND WALK
by Turnley Walker (*Dutton*).

POLIO IS A GREAT LEVELER. It ravages without mercy, leaves the patient without hope. But not all patients—Turnley Walker forced himself to live again. In this book, he records his journey through the shadows.

Overnight, he was tumbled from his familiar New York world onto a hospital bed. Flat on his back, nothing moved but the wheels in his head. With quiet eloquence he tells of his battle, during which he raised himself, inch by painful inch, onto his legs again.

This is not a story of polio and what to do about it. It is rather the story of what polio did to one man who conquered it with courage.

ELEPHANT BILL
by Lt. Col. J. H. Williams (*Doubleday*).

WHERE DO ELEPHANTS GO when they die? Do they really have infallible memories? "Elephant Bill," who worked with them in Burma's teak forests for 25 years, knows all the answers.

The elephant is still Burma's bulldozer, but in India he is disappearing before the American-made variety. The author hopes Detroit wins: then the elephant can be left to the peace of the jungle. Lt. Col. Williams is more at home with an elephant than with a typewriter, but the reader will not soon forget his account of how he trekked 45 elephants across high mountains into India during World War II. A faraway book for stay-at-home travelers.

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DON'T BE TOO EASY ON YOUR CHILDREN

by JANE WHITBREAD and VIVIAN CADDEN

You do more harm than good by overprotecting them against hardship and danger

THE ROAD TO THE ruination of many a child is paved with good intentions. Of course you want to protect your child from unnecessary hard knocks in his tender years. You want to shield him from dangers and hardships.

But are you preparing him for life as it really will be when he grows older? Or are you "world-proofing" him by cutting him off from reality and preventing him from growing up?

David's mother and father were determined that their only child should have a happy childhood. If he reached for a rattle in the play pen, they handed it to him before he could stretch for it. When he tried to pull himself up by the bars, they helped him because they were afraid he would fall.

When David began to play with other children, it was always under his mother's watchful eye. She smoothed disagreements before they got to the hitting stage. Between David and the real world there was always Mother, ready to take the blows upon herself, ready to ward off all unpleasantness.

David is eight now, but he is afraid to meet new people. He can't protect himself against other children's taunts or attacks. Although he knows his multiplication tables backwards and forwards, he can't cross a street alone. David is a classic example of a child who was loved not wisely but too well.

Take a look at your own child—not simply as he is today but as he will be tomorrow. *Are you teaching him to cope with danger?*

At no time is parental protection more important than in those situations which involve real danger. It *is* dangerous to cross streets, to

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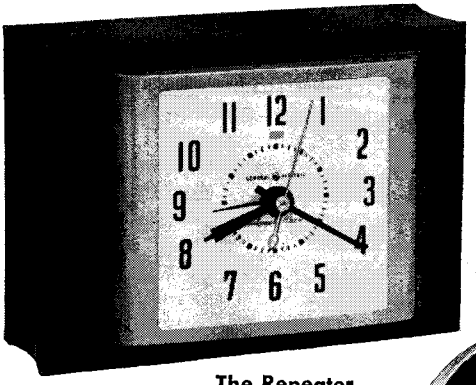

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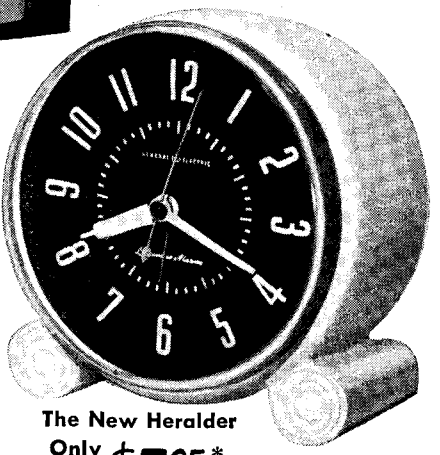

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play with knives, to light matches. Every parent knows fear when he sends his child off on a trip by himself or leaves him alone in the house. Yet all these dangers are ones that children must face at the proper age if they are to become forthright and confident adults. How do we do this?

Ruth was six years old and, like most little girls, she had a great interest in the kitchen. One day she said she wanted to make scrambled eggs "all by myself, Mommy, without you." Although her mother's impulse was to say "No, you can't light the stove by yourself," she restrained herself.

She merely warned Ruth to close the cover of the matchbox before striking the match, and suggested that she turn the frying pan handle to one side so it would not be easily upset. Then (not without trepidation) she left the kitchen. Once or twice during the operation, she wandered into the kitchen on some pretended mission.

Ruth mastered the scrambled eggs in fine style. And the next few times that Ruth wanted to handle the stove by herself, her mother repeated the unobtrusive watching. In time, Ruth gained the confidence to use the stove with ease, and her mother relaxed in the knowledge that her daughter was capable of doing something which involved danger.

In contrast to Ruth's mother, we have all seen the mother whose byword is "careful." She says it nervously to her two-year-old when he starts down the stairs. She says it anxiously to her five-year-old as he starts to kindergarten. She says it hysterically to her nine-year-old when he goes out swinging his baseball bat.

If she had controlled her own fear and let him master the steps alone, perhaps he wouldn't now be approaching marriage, his own children, and his business relationships with "careful, careful" ringing in his ears.

ARE YOU TEACHING your child to be responsible? No one wants to make an old man out of a youngster by burdening him with weighty responsibilities. But there is no such thing as a carefree world, and even the toddler can begin to learn this without much difficulty.

At eight months, Johnny may toss his bowl of cereal off the high chair, and while Mother can show her disapproval, she can hardly hold him responsible or punish him. But, eight months later, Johnny knows that he can't overturn his food and have it served again.

The child of two can "help" put his toys away, even though his mother does most of the job. But in time, care of one's things must become an accepted part of a child's life. If two-year-old Susy loses her doll on a bus, her mother will try to get her another. But if eight-year-old Sarah just leaves her skates somewhere, she ought to wait until next year for another pair.

Is your child learning to accept financial reality? The average youngster has no sense of money values. And because his demands are likely to be modest in most instances, there is a great tendency to "get him everything."

Tommy's father and mother had been poor in their childhood, and they didn't want Tommy to go

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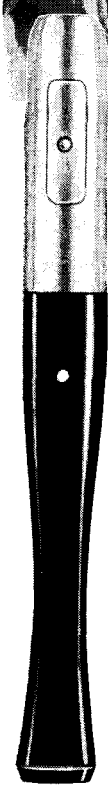

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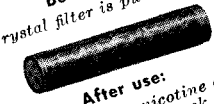

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without things as they had gone without them. If Tommy wanted a balloon and popcorn and a flag at the zoo, they bought him all three. After all, the cost wasn't great. If he wanted a "truck just like Stevie's," they promptly bought him one, even though it entailed sacrifice on their part.

Logically, then, Tommy at seven demanded a television set "just like Michael's" and a chain bike "right away." These were items his parents couldn't afford. Because they had brought him up to believe that everything he asked for was rightfully his, he couldn't help but feel that they no longer loved him when they turned him down.

You should not decide what to buy for your child on the basis of what is "good" or "bad" for him, or what will or won't "spoil" him. What is right for one family may be wrong for another. The important thing is for your child to learn what he can realistically expect the family budget to provide.

He can learn just as you have learned that there are some things which are simply out of line with the budget. If you are straightforward about this, the lesson will save him untold misery later on.

Can your child accept failure? At six, Walter developed an interest in games. He learned how to play checkers, casino, and parcheesi, but like all children he wanted to win. His parents often played with him and were so struck by his disappointment when he lost that they always "threw" the game. Walter got more fun out of it, and they told themselves that this gave him "confidence." But Walter soon discovered that when he played with other *children* he didn't always win. So he simply refused to play.

Wanting to win is a healthy sign. But letting the child win all the time gives him a make-believe view of life. For, obviously, he can't always win at everything in adult life.

Are you letting your child think for himself? We are so eager to have our children learn, we can't resist "teaching" them everything, "explaining" the tough problems, "answering" every question fully. We are afraid that if we say "try it yourself" or "that's your problem," we will be running the danger of rearing a backward child.

Yet often by our very helpfulness we are creating a mental laziness in our children that they will never be able to overcome in later years. Thus we are depriving them of one of the chief joys of life—the joy of mastering a problem by oneself.

IS YOUR CHILD LEARNING how to do a job? Half a century ago, few children were without "chores." But today, streamlined apartments, cars, electric dishwashers, and the service trades do the work of many hands. As a result, most youngsters never learn to wash windows, mow the lawn, handle a broom, lay a fire or wash dishes. Yet, when they grow up they will need to hold jobs which entail responsibility and perhaps even drudgery.

How can you give your child realistic training for his grownup role in society? A child who is old enough to take care of a pet is old enough to know that it involves work. He should not be given a dog unless he is willing to take care of it regularly.

Most parents make such agree-

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LITTLE LULU

You oughta serve one at a time, like Kleenex* !

Little Lulu says: WHY BE "STUCK" WITH A HANDFUL OF TISSUES? ONLY KLEENEX SERVES YOU ONE AT A TIME – ENDS WASTE, SAVES YOU MONEY. YOU'LL FIND IT PAYS TO GET KLEENEX TISSUES. SOFT! STRONG! POPS UP!

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ments, but many, like Frank's, conveniently forget about them. When Frank first got his dog, he was scrupulous about feeding it on schedule, walking it, bathing it. But the novelty soon wore off and the job of caring for the boy's pet fell on others in the family.

Later on, when Frank needed money, his father agreed to pay him for mowing the lawn once a week. This Frank did, but somehow he got sloppy about it. His father, too preoccupied with his own affairs, never bothered to check on Frank. It wasn't until the boy was much older and began muffing jobs in the business world that his family realized they had never taught him the importance of sticking at a job and doing it well.

Are you teaching your child to deal with people? We all know the parent who rushes to her child's defense. She is the mother who shoos other children away from her house if they are unpleasant to her child, who runs to the teacher every time Ruthie gets into a scrape at school, who pulls strings to get her child accepted at college.

Now no parent is going to stand by and watch his son be beaten by a street gang. But there is a clear distinction between keeping him from getting hurt and hovering over him so that he never finds out whether he can defend himself with his own fists.

The teachers, psychologists, and doctors who urge us to give our children love and security and understanding are not suggesting that we wrap them in cotton and hide them from the facts of life. Letting a child learn and do for himself does not mean that we are deserting him. The most secure child is one whose parents themselves are confident people, and who have confidence enough in their children to let them grow up.

Freedom of the Press

WHILE FIXTURES of a ladies' dress shop were being moved to a new location in the city, a blonde-wigged dummy fell from the transfer truck—much to the amusement of motorists who carefully drove around it.

But a wild-eyed pedestrian whipped out his red notebook and wrote feverishly: "Today I witness more evidence of capitalistic brutality in America. In their mad effort to rid themselves of the poor and oppressed who beg for bread, these capitalists load beggars on trucks, then hurl them off, one by one, for other capitalists to run over in their custom-built $20,000 automobiles. Only today I attempted to drag one poor mangled wretch from under the crushing wheels, but a horde of policemen clubbed me into unconsciousness and threatened to send me into exile in the ice-bound prison camps in Florida . . . "

Peering over the writer's shoulder, a furtive little man hissed, "Ah, Gizzelchevsky! So you are still a correspondent for Pravda!"

—*Wall Street Journal*

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One of the Best Ways Men get to know Each Other

How well do you know your boy? Does he really know you? He's growing fast. Is he growing away from you? Shed those years, drop that dignity, forget those problems. Come down out of the clouds and get down on the floor with your boy and Lionel Trains this Christmas. It will make him happier and you a lot younger. Lionel Trains bring a man and boy closer than anything in the world. See your dealer for the 1950 catalog or send coupon for special offer.

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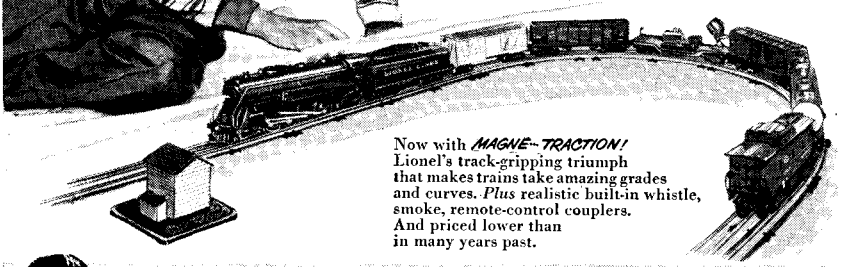

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Detroit Is Proud of LOUIS STONE

by A. J. CUTTING

A soft-spoken druggist is the best friend the children of a great city ever had

IN THE SUMMER of 1949, a straggling line of teen-age boys and girls, carrying banners which read "Stone for Council," marched along Detroit's busy Third Avenue and turned into a weather-beaten corner drugstore. A heavy man with a big, round face and thinning gray hair came out from behind the prescription counter. He blinked behind thick-lensed glasses, speechless with surprise at the demonstration. That was the first Louis Stone knew about being "drafted" by youngsters in his neighborhood to run for a place on Detroit's Common Council.

"We want you on the Council to fight for us kids, Mr. Stone," they told him. They even offered to scrape together the $100 filing fee.

Stone finally consented to be a candidate, but refused to let the youngsters pay the fee. And when the primary was over, he was amazed to learn that he had received more than 23,400 votes—only missing nomination by a few thousand, without any campaigning except for the work "his kids" had done in his behalf.

People in Detroit who were familiar with his work were not surprised at Stone's showing. In fact, they were sure that if more folks had known *which* Louis Stone was running, he would have been nominated hands down. For the portly 56-year-old druggist is one of the best friends Detroit children ever had. Over a period of 23 years, the Russian-born bachelor has put on parties, dances, circus expeditions, and other entertainment for underprivileged youngsters, paying for them with his own money. Veteran police officers call him one of Detroit's greatest influences in combating juvenile delinquency.

Stone's interest in the welfare of youngsters was aroused on a Hallowe'en night in 1927, when he was working in a drugstore on Detroit's sprawling West Side. Things were quiet for a Hallowe'en—quiet, that is, until the silence was pierced by the screech of automobile brakes and a child's agonized cry. Louis

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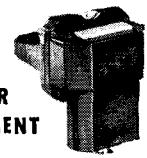

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Stone ran out of the drugstore, and watched a grief-stricken mother weeping over the unconscious boy who lay in the street. He listened while the distraught motorist told police in a shaking voice: "It was dark. The boy ran into the street. I didn't see him in time."

It was nobody's fault. The child was masked and hadn't seen the approaching car. But Stone could not get the accident out of his mind. There should be a place for youngsters to go on Hallowe'en to keep them off the streets. Then such accidents couldn't happen.

A year later, Stone moved to his own drugstore on the other side of town. A few days before Hallowe'en, he called in several of the neighborhood youngsters. "Hallowe'en night we will have a party in my store with ice cream, pop, candy—everything free," he told them in halting English.

On Hallowe'en night, he moved the showcases to the wall, got out an old-fashioned Gramophone with a big horn and a few records. He expected a handful of children. Instead they came in droves, listened to the squeaky music, danced, sang, and stuffed themselves with ice cream, pop, and other confections. A group of smiling mothers, happy in the knowledge that their children were off the streets, stood outside and watched the fun.

Louis Stone didn't make any money that night, but he felt like a millionaire. There was not an accident in the neighborhood, not a single report of serious mischief.

A few days later some of the youngsters came into the store. "Gee, Hallowe'en was swell, Mr. Stone. When are we going to have another party?" they asked him.

Stone looked at their earnest, smudged faces and worn clothes. He really couldn't afford any more parties, but neither could he let these children down. So there was another party for Thanksgiving and still another for Christmas.

THE PARTIES CONTINUED for the eight years Stone was in the neighborhood. Then, in 1936, he moved to Third and Stimson, a busy corner in a blighted, crowded area not far from downtown Detroit. Stone hadn't been there long when he decided that the neighborhood youngsters needed his parties and kind treatment even more than the others had. When he scheduled the first Hallowe'en party, skeptical police shook their heads.

"These kids around here are tough little hoodlums. They'll wreck your store in five minutes," they told the druggist.

"We won't have any trouble," Stone replied. "A happy child is a good child."

More than a hundred youngsters turned out for the party. There was plenty of whooping and shouting, but not a sign of trouble. The children had the time of their lives. The only difficulty was that there were too many to handle inside.

So, next time Stone scheduled a party he petitioned the city for permission to close off the street alongside his store for half a block. He got the permission, and he also got 16 policemen, sent by superiors who were convinced there would be a small riot.

There was plenty of mischief in Detroit that Hallowe'en night, but not in Stone's neighborhood. Some

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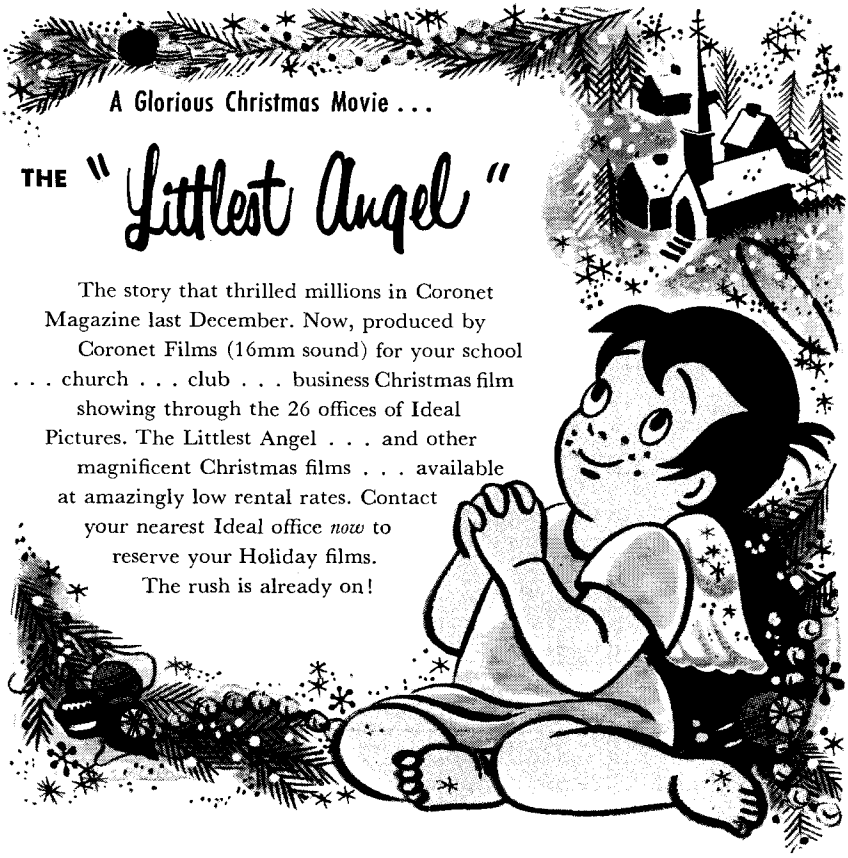
A Glorious Christmas Movie . . .

THE "Littlest Angel"

The story that thrilled millions in Coronet Magazine last December. Now, produced by Coronet Films (16mm sound) for your school . . . church . . . club . . . business Christmas film showing through the 26 offices of Ideal Pictures. The Littlest Angel . . . and other magnificent Christmas films . . . available at amazingly low rental rates. Contact your nearest Ideal office *now* to reserve your Holiday films. The rush is already on!



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500 youngsters came to his party and enjoyed the fun and the free refreshments.

Stone's parties have become a tradition through the years. Last year, thousands of adults gathered to watch the fun. Michigan's governor, G. Mennen Williams, and his wife were on hand, as were Detroit's mayor, Albert Cobo, and other city officials. Bands played, there were vaudeville acts, and, of course, the usual ice cream, pop, and candy.

Memories of hardships of his own bleak childhood in Russia, under the cruel Czarist regime, inspired Stone in his desire to help make life more enjoyable for underprivileged children in his adopted land. He made his way to America when he was 18, and worked first in a shoe factory in Massachusetts, then in a factory which made tin cans. Meanwhile, he was going to night school to learn English.

Later he went to high school and worked evenings in a drugstore. The owner persuaded him to take the examination for assistant pharmacist, which he passed easily. He came to Detroit in 1925, and got a job in a drugstore.

During World War II, Stone tried every branch of the service. Doctors took one look at his 280 pounds and his age and shook their heads. Finally he managed to sign on as purser—a pharmacist mate with the Merchant Marine. But he made arrangements to have the two girls who were to manage his store carry on the traditional parties.

When he returned, after 19 months' duty, he celebrated with another party for his children that has since become an annual affair. On the last day of school in 1946, he staged a street dance. The Detroit Police Band played, amateur and professional actors donated their talents, and thousands of children had a wonderful evening of clean fun.

Two years ago Stone overheard a couple of youngsters talking. "What do you suppose a circus is like?" one asked wistfully.

"I don't know," replied the other. "I never saw one. I guess it's a lot of fun, though."

That was enough for Stone. In short order he had rounded up 83 neighborhood children, hired a bus, and taken them all to the Ringling Brothers show. He bought them hot dogs, pop, balloons, and ice cream. And he paid for the entire party from his own not-too-ample funds.

Next year the circus expedition increased to 367 underprivileged youngsters, seven bus-loads. And it almost emptied the pockets into which Stone has dug so many times.

He decided that in the future he would have to get financial help if the circus parties were to continue. So he appealed to a businessmen's youth club (which he had previously helped to form in the neighborhood) and sold the members on the circus idea. The men sent out an appeal to citizens to donate tickets; they paid for busses and refreshments. That year, 1,300 happy, excited children saw the Shrine Circus when it came to town.

STONE'S PARTIES and circus trips took care of entertainment for older children, but he suddenly realized that nothing was being done for the very small fry. They

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had no place to play except on crowded sidewalks.

Stone's landlord owned a vacant lot a few doors from the store. The druggist talked him into loaning it for a "Tot Lot." He put up slides, swings, and other playground equipment. The city helped with additional equipment and by fencing the property.

A year ago, "his kids" turned the tables on "Old Man Stone." On his 55th birthday, 56 youngsters gave him a party complete with cake and candles.

The big fellow blubbered like a child. "It's the first birthday party I have ever had," he said happily.

Police call Stone the neighborhood's No. 1 influence in eliminating juvenile delinquency. Despite the tough character of the area, juvenile trouble is lower on a per-capita basis than in almost any other section of Detroit.

People who appreciate his work have seen to it that Stone has received recognition. Last winter a Detroit newspaper and radio station named him "Detroiter of the Week." And a local druggists' association honored him as "Druggist of the Year."

But the honors which have come his way are secondary in importance to Louis Stone compared with the satisfaction he has derived from bringing happiness to children and helping to make them better citizens.

"Kids aren't bad," he steadfastly maintains. "They just have an overabundance of energy, and must have an escape valve. If we provide such a valve, they will get along fine!"

A Matter of Definition

A LADY WAS very much pleased because her husband had called her an angel. Unaccustomed to compliments from him, she asked why he had called her that.

"Because," he replied, "you're always up in the air, you're continually harping on something, and you never have a thing to wear." —*A Friendly Handshake*

AN OMAHA, NEBRASKA, clergyman was pleased at the sudden interest in religion shown by a young housewife who phoned and asked for another word for the first part of the Sermon on the Mount. "Beatitudes," the pastor told her.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," came the happy reply. "If that radio quiz program calls me now, I can win at least $25,000." —*Pathfinder*

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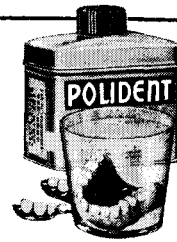

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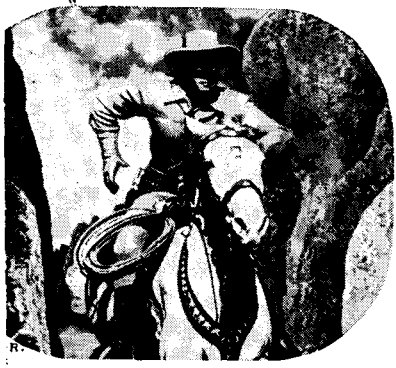

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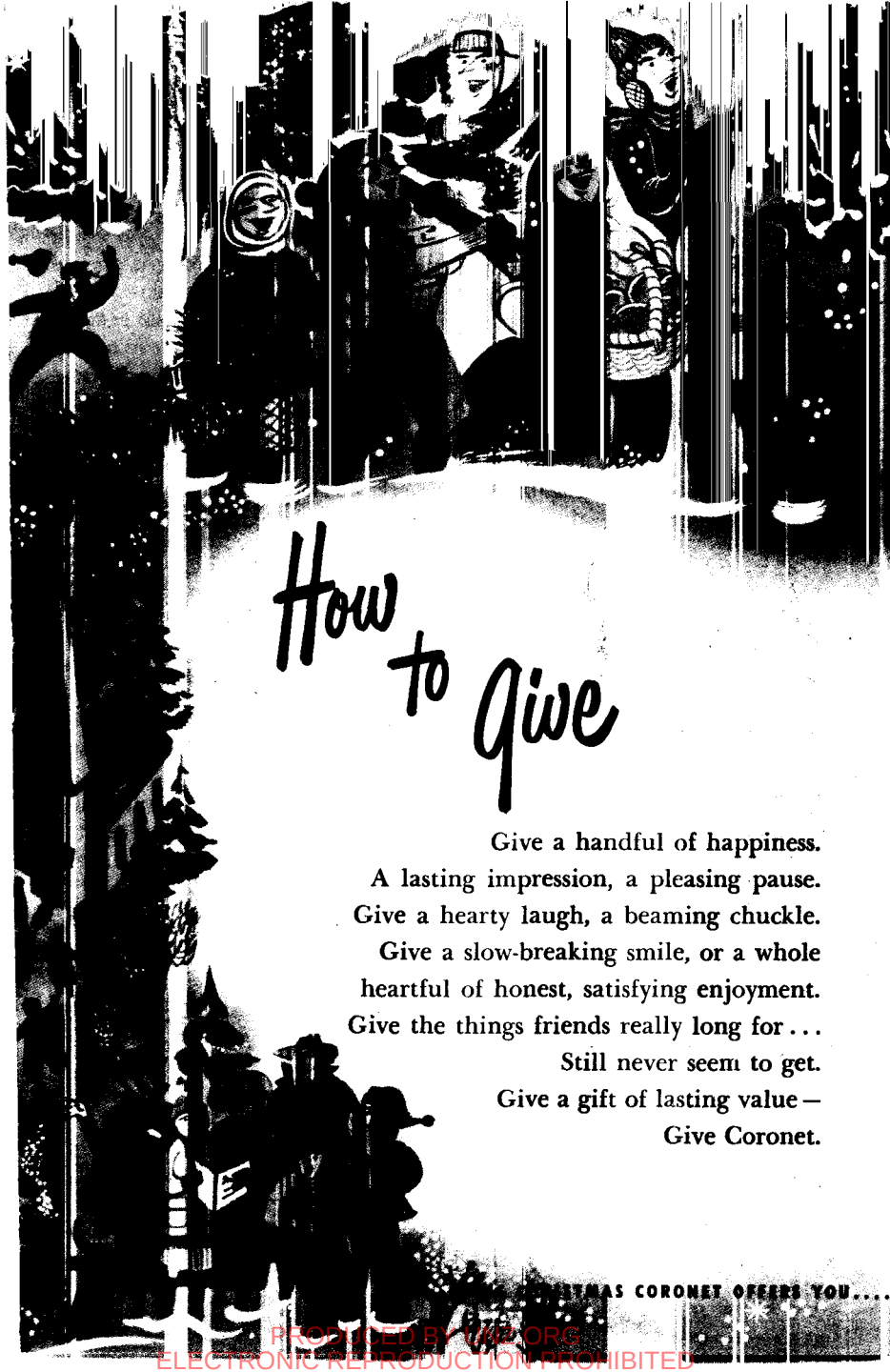

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will go to each one you select, announcing your gift of Coronet. Inside, your name will be hand-penned on each colorful card that goes out for you to say, "Merry Christmas." Many will treasure this beautiful card for its warmth and color, and for the tender way it portrays the Spirit of Christmas.

Shown here in miniature, the actual size of this Coronet Christmas Gift Card is 5⅛" by 7¼".

Continue listing your Coronet gift subscriptions below

3rd Gift

send to_____
(please print)
address_____
city_____ zone_____ state_____
gift card to read from_____

4th Gift

send to_____
(please print)
address_____
city_____ zone_____ state_____
gift card to read from_____

5th Gift

send to_____
(please print)
address_____
city_____ zone_____ state_____
gift card to read from_____

Be sure to enter (or renew) your own subscription on preceding page.

Mail this order form to Coronet Subscription Dept., Boulder, Colo.

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Your Bond With Children

"Keep your word with your children the same as you would with your banker."—*Robert Ingersoll*

EVERY PROMISE should be sacred; a promise to your child the most sacred of all. You know that when you break your word with your banker or fellow businessman, your credit and your reputation may suffer. But how many times do you break your word to your own children? It is easy to suppose that the child is not as important as the banker—but he is! That little heart is full of trust, of love, of respect for you. Then why destroy this delicate regard by failing to make good on your sacred word? Keep your promises with them and they will become the kind of men and women who keep their word with others.

—JAMES T. MANGAN

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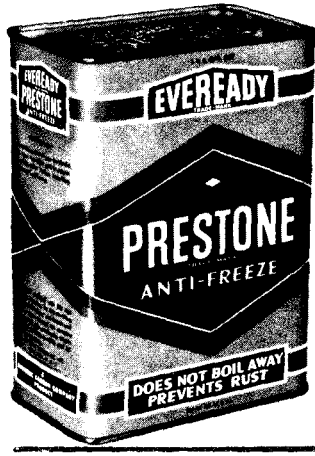

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